

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 2186.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1869.

PRICE
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Stamped Edition, 4d.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—The PROSPECTUS for 1869-70 is now ready, and will be sent free of charge on application to J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Esq., King's College, London, putting the word "Prospectus" outside the cover.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.
SESSION 1869-70.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of MEDICINE will commence on MONDAY, October 4th. Introductory Lecture by Prof. Sir Henry Thompson, at 4 P.M.
The SESSION of the FACULTY of ARTS and LAWS, including the Department of Engineering, and other applied Sciences, will begin on TUESDAY, October 6th. Introductory Lecture by Prof. B. T. Moore, M.A. U.E., at 3 P.M.

The EVENING CLASSES for Classics, Modern Languages, Mathematics, the Natural Sciences, History, Education, &c., will commence on MONDAY, October 11th.

The SCHOOL for Boys between the ages of Seven and Sixteen will RE-OPEN on TUESDAY, September 21st.
Prospectuses of the various Departments of the College, containing full information respecting Classes, Fees, Days and Hours of Attendance, &c., and Copies of the Regulations relating to the Entrance and other Exhibitions, Scholarships, and Prizes open to Competition by Students of the several Faculties, may be obtained at the office of the College.

The Examination for the MEDICAL ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS, will be held at the College on the 28th and 29th of September; that for the ARTS and LAWS ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS on the 30th of September, and 1st of October.
The College is close to the Gower-street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, and only a few minutes' walk from the termini of the North-Western, Midland, and Great Northern Railways.

JOHN ROBSON, B.A.,
Secretary to the Council.

ARCHITECTURE.—UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.—Prof. T. HAYTER LEWIS, F.S.A. F.R.I.B.A.

The ANNUAL COURSE of LECTURES will commence on TUESDAY, the 6th of October, and will be arranged as follows:—
FINE ART, in Two Terms of 15 Lectures each, every Tuesday Evening at 6.30; and CONSTRUCTION, in Two Terms of 15 Lectures each, every Tuesday Evening at 7.30.

Students will be required to take Memoranda of the Lectures and Diagrams, but in order to avoid loss of time skeleton notes will be given them.

For Circulars containing full particulars apply to J. J. ROSS, Esq., B.A., at the College, Gower-street, W.C.; or at the Professor's Office, 9, John-street, Adelphi.

NOTICE.—ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES.
Jermyn-street, London.—The SESSION will BEGIN on MONDAY, the 4th of October. Prospectuses may be had on application.

ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES.
Director.
SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, Bart. K.C.B.

F.R.S., &c.
During the Nineteenth Session, 1869-70, which will commence on the 4th of October, the following COURSES of LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:—

1. Chemistry. By E. Frankland, Ph.D. F.R.S.
2. Metallurgy. By John Perry, M.D. F.R.S.
3. Natural History. By T. H. Huxley, M.D. F.R.S.
4. Mineralogy. By Warrington W. Smyth, M.A. F.R.S.
5. Mining. By A. C. Ramsey, LL.D. F.R.S.
6. Applied Mechanics. By T. M. Goodeve, M.A.
7. Physics. By Frederick Guthrie, B.A. Ph.D.

Instruction in Mechanical Drawing, by the Rev. J. Haythorne Edgar, M.A.

The Fee for Students desirous of becoming Associates is 30l. in one sum, on entrance, or two annual payments of 20l. exclusive of the Laboratory.

Pupils are received in the Royal College of Chemistry (the Laboratory of the School), under the direction of Dr. Frankland, and in the Metallurgical Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. Perry.

Tickets to separate Courses of Lectures are issued at 3d. and 4d. each.

Officers in the Queen's Service, Her Majesty's Consuls, Acting Mining Agents and Managers may obtain Tickets at reduced prices.

Certificated Schoolmasters, Pupil-Teachers, and others engaged in education, are also admitted to the Lectures at reduced fees.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales grants Two Scholarships, and several others have also been established by Government.

For a Prospectus and information apply to the Registrar, Royal School of Mines, Jermyn-street, London, S.W.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

ROYAL SCHOOL OF NAVAL ARCHITECTURE and MARINE ENGINEERING, South Kensington.

The SIXTH ANNUAL SESSION of this School will OPEN on the 1st of October.

Particulars respecting Terms of Admission, Free Studentships, and Exhibitions, may be learnt by applying, by letter, to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, or by personal application to the Principal of the School.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL.—The WINTER SESSION of the MEDICAL SCHOOL will COMMENCE on the 1st of OCTOBER, with an INTRODUCTORY LECTURE by Dr. WADHAM.

Students at this Hospital are divided into Classes, and placed under the care of each of the Physicians and Surgeons in rotation for Clinical Instruction. They are examined Weekly by the Medical Tutor.

Special Instruction is given in Pathology, Physiological Medicine, Public Health, Ophthalmic Surgery, Orthopedic Surgery, and Aural Surgery, with Practical Demonstrations on the Laryngoscope, the Ophthalmoscope, and Diseases of the Skin. The special Course of Lectures are included in the compounding fee for the ordinary Lectures and Hospital attendance.

Further information may be obtained of Dr. BARCLAY, or Mr. HOLMES at the Hospital.

A FRENCH PROTESTANT LADY.
Who has passed the Government Examinations, desires a RE-ENGAGEMENT as RESIDENT GOVERNESS. Has had much experience in teaching. Acquirements: French and German (fluently), rudiments of Italian, good Music and Singing. One of the usual branches of Education. Salary 50l.—Address Mrs. P. Post-office, St. Pancras. Excellent references given.

GUY'S HOSPITAL.

The MEDICAL SESSION commences in OCTOBER. The Introductory Address will be given by Dr. C. Hilton Fagge, on Friday, the 1st of October, at 3 o'clock.

MEDICAL OFFICERS.
Physicians—G. Owen Rees, M.D. F.R.S., S. O. Habershon, M.D., S. Wilks, M.D.

Assistant Physicians—F. W. Pavy, M.D. F.R.S., W. Moxon, M.D., C. Hilton Fagge, M.D.

Surgeons—Edward Cook, Esq., John Hilton, Esq. F.R.S., John Birkett, Esq., Alfred Poland, Esq., M.D. F.R.S.

Assistant Surgeons—J. Cooper Forster, Esq., Thomas Bryant, Esq., Arthur E. Durham, Esq.

Consulting Obstetric Physician—Henry Oldham, M.D. Obstetric Physician—J. Braxton Hicks, M.D. F.R.S.

Assistant Obstetric Physician—J. J. Phillips, M.D. Surgeon Dentist—J. Salter, M.B. F.R.S.

Surgeon Aurist—J. Hinton, Esq. Eye Infirmary—A. Poland, Esq., C. Bader, Esq. Medical Registrar—C. Hilton Fagge, M.D.

Chemistry—Alfred Taylor, M.D. F.R.S. Experimental Philosophy—T. Stevenson, M.D., J. Davies Colley, M.A. M.C.

DEMONSTRATIONS.
Anatomy—P. H. Pye-Smith, M.D., H. G. Howse, M.S., J. N. C. Davies-Colley, M.A. M.C.

Morbid Anatomy—Walker Moxon, M.D. Cutaneous Diseases—H. G. Howse, M.S.

Microscope—H. G. Howse, M.S.

SUMMER SESSION.—LECTURES.
Medical Jurisprudence—Alfred Taylor, M.D. F.R.S. Materia Medica—S. O. Habershon, M.D.

Midwifery—J. Braxton Hicks, M.D. F.R.S. Ophthalmic Surgery—A. Poland, Esq., and C. Bader, Esq.

Pathology—Walker Moxon, M.D. F.R.S. Comparative Anatomy—P. H. Pye-Smith, M.D.

Use of the Microscope—H. G. Howse, M.S. Botany—C. Johnson, Esq.

DEMONSTRATIONS.
Practical Chemistry—T. Stevenson, M.D.

Manipulative and Operative Surgery—T. Bryant, Esq.

The Hospital contains 600 beds. Special Clinical Instruction is given by the Physicians in wards set apart for the most interesting cases.

Clinical Lectures—Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery—Weekly. Lying-in-Charity—Number of cases attended annually about 1,600.

Diseases of Women—30 beds. Ophthalmic cases—30 beds. Museum of Anatomy, Pathology, and Comparative Anatomy—Curator, W. Moxon, M.D.—contains 10,000 specimens, 4,000 drawings and diagrams, an unique collection of Anatomical Models, and a series of 400 Models of Skin Diseases.

Gentlemen desirous of becoming Students must give satisfactory testimony as to their education and conduct. Fees: 40l. for the first year, 40l. for the second, and 10l. for every succeeding year of attendance; or 100l. in one payment entitles a Student to a perpetual ticket.

Dressers, Clinical Clerks, Ward Clerks, Obstetric Residents, and Dressers in the Eye Wards, are selected from the Students according to merit.

The House-Surgeons and House-Physicians have rooms and commons in the Hospital.

Six Scholarships, varying in value from 25l. to 40l. each, are awarded at the close of each Summer Session for general proficiency.

Two Gold Medals are given by the Treasurer—one in Medicine, and one in Surgery.

A Voluntary Examination takes place at entrance, in Elementary Classics and Mathematics. The first three candidates receive respectively 25l., 20l., and 15l.

Several of the Lecturers have vacancies for Resident Private Pupils.

For further information, apply to Mr. Stocker, Guy's Hospital, August 1, 1869.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.

The WINTER SESSION will COMMENCE on FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1st.

Students can reside within the Hospital walls, subject to the College regulations.

For all particulars concerning either the Hospital or College application may be made personally or by letter, to Mr. MONAGHAN BAKER, the Resident Warden; or at the Museum or Library.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, 1869 and 70.

A GENERAL INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be delivered by DR. STONE, on FRIDAY, 1st October, at 3 o'clock P.M., after which the Distribution of Prizes will take place.

For Entrance or Prospectuses, and for information relating to Prizes and all other matters, apply to Mr. WHITFIELD, Medical Secretary, the Manor House, St. Thomas's Hospital, Newington, Surrey, S.E.

DR. HUNT'S INSTITUTION for the CURE of STAMMERING, ONE HOUSE, near HASTINGS.

The system of the late Dr. JAMES HUNT will be continued in its integrity by his Brother-in-law, the Rev. HENRY P. RIVERS, B.A. Mr. Rivers having been for many years past Dr. HUNT's representative during lengthened periods of illness and absence, was, prior to his death, formally nominated by him as his only qualified and legal successor.

MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The WINTER SESSION for 1869-70 will be OPENED on FRIDAY, October 1st, at 3 o'clock P.M., with an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by Dr. R. LIVINGE, M.A. Cantab. At the termination of the Address, the Prizes awarded during the previous year will be distributed.

The HOSPITAL contains upwards of 200 Beds.

There are Special Wards set apart for the reception of 36 In-Patients suffering from Cancer, whose period of residence in the Hospital is unlimited.

There are also Special Departments for Diseases of the Eye, Diseases of Women and Children, and Syphilis.

The Out-Patient Department of the Hospital is rendered, as far as possible, available to the Students for the study of Disease, and Practical Demonstrations are given in the Out-Patient Room on Diseases of the Chest, on Diseases of the Skin, Eye, &c.

The MEDICAL COLLEGE provides complete means, including the assistance of a College Tutor, for the education of Students preparing for the Medical Examinations of the University of London, as well as for those of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons and of the Society of Apothecaries.

Fee for General Students, if paid in advance, 50l., entitling to perpetual attendance. If paid by instalments, 10l. each of the first two years; 20l. for the third; and 10l. for each additional year's attendance.

Fee for Dental Students, 20l. 5s. for the first year, and 15l. 15s. for the second.

For Prospectus or further information, apply to E. HEADLAM GREENHOW, M.D., Dean.

MEDICAL EDUCATION.—ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, Paddington, will open on October 1st, 1869. In addition to the usual Courses, Special Instruction is provided in operative Minor Surgery and Bandaging.

Ophthalmic, Aural, and Dental Surgery, Comparative Anatomy, Histology, and Pathology; all of which are taught practically by demonstration as well as lecture.—For prospectus apply to W. B. CHADLE, M.D., Dean of the School.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

The WINTER SESSION will be OPENED on TUESDAY, November 2, 1869, at Two o'clock, when an ADDRESS will be delivered by Principal Sir ALEXANDER GRANT, Bart. LL.D.

The CLASSES for the different Branches of Study in the Faculties of Arts, Law and Medicine will be OPENED on the 3rd of November, and in the Faculty of Theology on the 9th of November.

Information relative to Matriculation and the Curricula of Study for Degrees, Examinations, &c., will be found in the University Calendar, and may be obtained on application to the Secretary at the College.

A Table of Fees may be seen in the Matriculation Office and in the Reading-Room of the Library.

By authority of the Senatus, JOHN WILSON, Sec. to the Senatus, September, 1869.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE BLIND.—A comfortable HOME offered to a LADY afflicted by a Widow Lady, residing in a healthy, cheerful village. Every care and attention can be relied on. Moderate terms. Good references given and required.—Address M. E. Post-office, Worthing, Sussex.

AS SECRETARY, AMANUENSIS, or the LIKE.—A Gentleman REQUIRES an ENGAGEMENT as above. Very good references.—Address S. S. K., Bolton Vicarage Hill.

TO PUBLISHERS, WHOLESALE BOOK-SELLERS, &c.—A thoroughly-experienced TRAVELLER and ASSISTANT, with an excellent connexion, requires EMPLOYMENT in either capacity. Salary moderate.—W. H. Post-office, Fleet-street.

THE PRESS.—A Verbatim Reporter of experience and ability is OPEN to a RE-ENGAGEMENT. If desirable, could also undertake the direction of the Editorial Department, with the labour and duties of which he is intimately acquainted.—Address Lxx, care of Henry Greenwood, Advertising Agent, Liverpool.

THE PRESS.—A Young Man, thoroughly acquainted with Newspaper Work, desires an ENGAGEMENT as a Reporter on a Provincial Newspaper. Good References.—Address E. B. 1, King-street, Portsea, Hants.

EDITOR.—WANTED for a First-class Conservative Daily Paper, a GENTLEMAN as Editor. Experience and literary ability indispensable.—Apply to S. W., care of Henry Green, Esq., 117, Chancery-lane, London.

A REPORTER, an accurate and expert NOTE-TAKER, who was for eight years on a leading Gossip Paper in the West of England, seeks a FRESH ENGAGEMENT. Good references.—Address Phono, 13, Salem-place, St. Sidwell, Exeter.

THE PRESS.—A Gentleman, who has been connected with the Daily and Weekly Press for fifteen years, desires an ENGAGEMENT as Clerk and Cashier. The Advertiser takes a good shorthand note, and is thoroughly experienced in all the departments of newspaper work. Excellent references.—Address Beta, Post-office, St. Thomas, Exeter.

THE PRESS.—WANTED, for an established Country Newspaper, of Conservative politics, an Editor who has had ample experience at the Press. An office will be placed to state full particulars, where employed, and to act as agent for the Editor, care of Mr. C. Street, using Offices, 20, Cornhill, E.C.

LONDON INSTITUTION EDUCATIONAL LECTURES, 1869-70.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.—There will be three Courses of Educational Lectures this Season. First on Elementary Physics; Second on Chemistry; Third on Natural History. Lectures will be delivered on MONDAYS, at 4 o'clock, beginning on Monday, October 5th.

By order, THOMAS PIPER, Secretary.



EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES in OIL, Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.—The days for taking in PICTURES for the THIRD WINTER EXHIBITION will be the 4th and 5th of OCTOBER NEXT, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.—The Regulations can be had on application to the SECRETARY, at the Gallery.

THE THIRD WINTER EXHIBITION of CABINET PICTURES, in OIL, under the superintendence of the Committee of the Dudley Gallery, will OPEN on MONDAY, October 25. All Pictures intended for Exhibition must be sent to the Gallery, at the Egyptian Hall, on Monday, 4th, or Tuesday, 5th, October. Hours of reception, from 10 A.M. till 5 P.M.—**GEORGE L. HALL, Hon. Sec.**

MISS LOUISA DREWRY, Professor of History and of the English Language and Literature, will RE-COMMENCE her COURSES of LESSONS in these subjects early in October.—143 (late 159), King Henry's-road, Upper Avenue-road, N.W.

NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, COPY-RIGHTS, &c. Valued for Transfer, and Sales effected privately, by **MR. HOLMES**, Valuer of Literary Property, and Valuer and Accountant to the Trade, 43, Paternoster-row.

ARTICLED PUPIL—WANTED by a DENTIST near Cavendish-square, holding Hospital Appointment, a YOUNG GENTLEMAN as Pupil.—For terms, apply by letter, J. H. S., Adams & Francis, 50, Fleet-street, E.C.

A GENTLEMAN, accustomed to Tuition, (late Student at Cambridge University), desires an immediate NON-RESIDENT TUTORSHIP. References exchanged.—Address, by letter, to H. E. D. Esq., Whitechurch Vicarage, Hants.

A CLERGYMAN, M.A. Oxon, residing at a Watering Place of Note, within easy access of several large Towns, and receiving a dozen Boys into his house at high Terms, desires to TRANSFER his CONNECTION, having accepted Parochial duty at a distance. A competent successor might readily increase the number of Pupils.—Address M.A., 38, Burlington-road, St. Stephen's-square, Baywater, W.

A MARRIED CLERGYMAN, retired from Parochial duty, and residing in EASTBOURNE, wishes to receive into his Family ONE or TWO BOYS, under 10 years of age, to be PREPARED for Public School, or otherwise, with two other Boys entrusted to his entire care, by an Indian Civil Servant.—Address ALPINA, Spalding's Library, 46, High-street, Notting Hill.

A GRADUATE OF LONDON desires EMPLOYMENT during the Parliamentary recess, as Verbatim REPORTER, or SUB-EDITOR of a Newspaper, or as SECRETARY or AMUNITIONIST to a Gentleman. Great experience, very moderate terms, and the highest testimonials.—Address M. X., 246, Vauxhall Bridge-road, London, S.W.

THE LONDON INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE.
Principal—Dr. L. SCHMITZ, Ph.D., LL.D. F.R.S.E., late Rector of the High School of Edinburgh.

The New Wing being ready for occupation at the commencement of the Autumn Term, on the 18th of September next, application should be made without delay for Admission to fill the remaining VACANCIES.

Prospectuses and every information may be had on application to Dr. SCHMITZ, at the College, Spring Grove, Middlesex, W.; or to the SECRETARY, at the Office of the International Education Society (limited), No. 34, Old Bond-street, London, W.

NOTICE—The Registered Office of the International Education Society (limited) will be REMOVED to the London International College, at Spring Grove, Middlesex, W., on and after the 18th of September next.

MISS MARY LEECH'S MORNING SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES will RE-OPEN on FRIDAY, October 1st.—14, Radnor-place, Gloucester-square, Hyde Park, W.

THE MISSES A. and R. LEECH'S SCHOOL for LITTLE BOYS will RE-OPEN on FRIDAY, Oct. 1st, Kensington Gardens-square, Hyde Park, W. (late of Belgrave Cottage).

LADIES' COLLEGE, ANGLESEA HOUSE, IPSWICH.
PROFESSORS AND TEACHERS.

Reading, Writing, Geography, Globes, History, Literature, Arithmetic, Latin, English Grammar, Composition, and the Elements of the Natural Sciences.—Misses E. F. and J. Butler.

Bible and its Literature.—Mr. J. F. Alexander.

French Language, Grammatically and Conversationally.—Resident Parisienne.

German Language.—Resident German Governess.

These Languages spoken also by the Principal.

Italian and German Languages.—Dr. E. Christian.

Music, Piano-forte, Theory, Thorough Bass.—Miss J. Butler, Mr. Wm. Norman, Mr. Lindley Nunn.

Organ.—Mr. William Norman.

Singing.—Mr. Lindley Nunn.

Drawing.—Free Hand, Perspective, and Model Drawing, Pencil and Crayon, Painting in Water Colours.—Misses E. F. and J. Butler.

Dancing and Calisthenics (Private Class).—Mr. Pratt.

THE THIRD TERM will COMMENCE September 21st.

For Prospectus and Terms apply to Miss BUTLER.

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, under the special Patronage of the QUEEN and of H.R.H. the PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE AUTUMN SESSION will commence on MONDAY, the 4th of October.

For Prospectus and Forms of Admission, apply at the School, 45, Queen-square, W.C.

By order, LOUISA GANN, Superintendent.

THE CHURCH OF PROGRESS.

SUNDAY EVENINGS for the PEOPLE.

ADDRESS.

The geological strata in the planet on which we stand record a history of physical progress, each chapter of which preserves some monument of existence impossible under the present condition of things, or indicates such conditions as would render life as we now see it impossible. Human history has analogous records of the onward progress of our race. Empires may rise, increase in power, extent, and wealth, but they will surely decay and die (as the extinct animals have done) when they cease to adapt themselves to the progress of the human mind and the demands or conditions of the age. Social organizations of men are under the dominion of the same inevitable law and cease to exist when they have ceased to be useful.

The Churches of the age are losing their hold upon the minds of the people, and the tendency of opinion is to regard duty as of the highest importance, and as independent of doctrine or ecclesiastical dogma and even superior to it. Science and the knowledge of POSITIVE TRUTH is more inculcated, whilst theological instruction is less sought after, and the general desire is expressed for secular reforms and physical improvements as the bases upon which moral progress is most easily accomplished.

The Association of persons who purpose to conduct these "Sunday Evenings for the People," believe that in doing so they will establish a policy of union for common aims and conscientious men and women who are daily increasing in number, but whose religious ideas find no suitable exponent in any of the existing churches. We are not animated by any spirit of antagonism, and as we propose to occupy what we believe to be a new field of utility, we see no reason why our assemblies should be regarded with hostility by other bodies, nor why we should not enjoy the same freedom for communion, mutual instruction, and aspirations after the higher and better life, as other religiousists enjoy. We seek to create a fresh platform for the exposition of those new bases upon which alone the development of the Religious Ideal.

Our Church is founded upon the recognition of the primary importance of Human welfare, and its purpose will be to develop the power of thinking for oneself, and to inculcate the Science and Philosophy, and by the elevating influence of the highest and purest Art.

We shall endeavour to make our services delightful as well as instructive, and, by means of the best Music, to appeal to the highest emotions; and we are encouraged to believe that our efforts in this direction will be supported by a choir of great calibre, every member of which is an earnest sympathiser with the principles and objects of the Church.

Regarding as of high importance to man's knowledge of the Universe and its laws as affecting his physical, social, moral, and religious obligations, we do not intend to ask the concurrence of those who join with us in anything more than in the concession of the free liberty of exposition to the eminent men who will deliver discourses to be printed and sold at a low price, which they have devoted special attention. By such means we propose to supply materials for thought from the best sources, and by stimulating the taste for truth to make error more short-lived and less powerful for evil. The Universe is inexhaustible, and the sphere of discovery infinite; and the pursuit of Natural knowledge will be found to have new and unexpected influences upon the physical, moral, or social relations of man.

WE ARE A RELIGIOUS BODY THEN—not a theological one. We ask none to adopt or deny any of the creeds of the churches. We shall endeavour to promote truth, and truth is always divine. We shall seek to do the work we have set before us, without turning to the right or to the left into the field of controversy. We shall not attack men or ideas, but make error more short-lived and less powerful for evil. The Universe is inexhaustible, and the sphere of discovery infinite; and the pursuit of Natural knowledge will be found to have new and unexpected influences upon the physical, moral, or social relations of man.

Published by order of the Committee.

J. H. HODGES, Secretary.

St. George's Hall, Langham-place, W.

September 14, 1869.

THE SERVICES WILL COMMENCE ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 3rd.

GERMAN, MORAL AND MENTAL SCIENCES AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Dr. HEINEMANN, who has prepared upwards of 250 Candidates for the Indian Civil Service, the Universities and other Examinations, is now OPEN to make some additional ENGAGEMENTS.—Dr. H. B., Northumberland-place, Baywater.

MR. THOMSON (Graduate of the London and Edinburgh Universities) RECEIVES a limited number of YOUNG GENTLEMEN as Boarders and Day Scholars. He has removed from 40, Frederick-street to the house hitherto occupied by Mr. MACCARTHY.

12, RUTLAND-SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

Mr. MACCARTHY has much pleasure in expressing his entire confidence that Mr. THOMSON is well qualified for the duties he undertakes to discharge.

ENGINEERING.—STUDENTS are prepared in the HARTLEY INSTITUTION, Southampton, for the various branches of CIVIL ENGINEERING, and for the Public Works Department of India, by a complete course of instruction, with or without Articles of Apprenticeship.—Address the PRINCIPAL.

MILL HILL SCHOOL, MIDDLESEX.

Head Master—R. F. WEYMOUTH, Esq. D. Litt. and M.A. Lond.

Second Master—J. H. TAYLOR, Esq. M.A. Queen's Coll. Oxford;

and Class Hon. A. B. TRIN. Coll. Cam.; 1st Class Trip; 1st

Chanc. Med. 1868.

Mathematics—A. WANKLYN, Esq. B.A. Sydn. Suss. Coll. Cam.

14th Wr. 1867.

The School will RE-OPEN on THURSDAY, October 7th.

Apply for Admission of Pupils to the Head Master, or to the Hon.

Secretary, the Rev. R. H. MARTEN, B.A., Lee, S.E.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON MATRICULATION.—A GENTLEMAN, of nearly twenty years' experience, desires to meet with one DAILY PUPIL. References to former Pupils and their Parents.—Address W. L., 28, York-street, Portman-square, W.

BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

WANTED an ASSISTANT CLASSICAL MASTER to teach Boys, from the age of about 9 to 12. Salary 1852; no residence. Duties to commence after the Christmas holidays.—Applications and testimonials to be sent to the Rect. the Warden of New College, Oxford, on or before the 6th of October. A Graduate of one of the Universities will be preferred.

FRANCE.—MODERN SCHOOL.

VERSAILLES, 3 and 5, RUE PORTE-DE-BUC.—Head

Master, Prof. Dr. JULIUS BRAND, Academy of Paris. TEN

ENGLISH PUPILS received as BOARDERS, residing with the

Head Master, in the Academy of Engineering. The School

RE-OPENS on MONDAY, 27th of September next.—For admission,

apply to the HEAD MASTER, 3, Rue Porte-de-Buc, Versailles.

MR. RANDALL DRUCE, Artist and Pro-Messors of DRAWING and PAINTING, has RECOMMENCED his Classes and Private Instruction for the present Term; special attention given to Perspective and Sketching from Nature.—Address 1, Burghley-terrace, Highgate-road, N.W.

CHEMISTRY.—EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCES.—Gentlemen PREPARED for Bachelors' Degrees, and other Examinations, by a Public School Science Master.—LECTURES (with Experiments), or Class Instruction at Schools, &c.—Address CHEMISTS, 11, Cumberland-terrace, Baywater, W.

TO AMATEUR AUTHORS.—A few Gentlemen wanted to CONTRIBUTE to a QUARTERLY MAGAZINE. Specimen Number 7 stamps.—Send stamp for particulars to W. P. JARVIS, Winton-terrace, Stoke-upon-Trent.

H. S. BAYNES, Librarian.—PRIVATE LIBRARIES, and those of Literary and Scientific Institutions, CATALOGUED and ARRANGED in Town or Country. Reference may be made to Mr. LILLY, Bookseller, 17 and 19, New-street, Covent-garden.—Address 25, Gloucester-street, Queens-square, W.C.

MORNING CLASS for the SONS of GENTLEMEN.—A TUTOR, of many years' experience, who takes only six PUPILS, wishes to meet with One or Two to join his Class. References to former Pupils and their Parents.—Address W. L., 28, York-street, Portman-square, W.

MEDICAL EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.—TWO SCHOLARSHIPS each of the annual value of 50L, TENABLE FOR THREE YEARS BY ONE OF THE UNIVERSITIES of the UNITED KINGDOM, and to be awarded by competitive examination in June 1870, are offered to Women who desire to enter the Medical Profession.—Information can be obtained from Miss GARNETT, 50, Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, London.

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August, 1869.

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THERE seems to be a deathless interest taken in the story of this most unhappy of queens and women. Volume succeeds volume, having for subject the whole life of Mary, or that part of it which makes, or seems to make, of her the cold-blooded murderess of that imbecile compound of vice and rottenness, her husband, Darnley.

The clouds have lowered round this ill-fated sovereign without sovereign power. Her guilt has been over and over again asserted, and over and over again denied. It is all but proved in every point; but that "all but" is taken as a matter of doubt, which should always be construed to the advantage of the accused. The accusers are many, and Mary's champions are many, too. Among the sights in which gods and men are said to take delight, that of a man struggling with all his heart to restore a reputation which has been shattered and trodden into dust is one of the most grateful. Of all Mary's advocates, she has had none more earnest, zealous, ardent, and, we may say, audacious, than Mr. Hosack. This gentleman is a barrister-at-law, and his advocacy is made in the spirit of an able and determined pleader,—able to plead his cause with wonderful skill, and resolved to wring a verdict for his client from the most obstinate of jurymen. In arduous, Mr. Hosack could not be excelled; but it is the arduous of a well-endowed counsellor. He is not a witness, neither does he act as a judge. He has little or no new evidence, and he does not sift and weigh all that has yet been rendered, or he does this in only a secondary degree. On the other hand, Mr. Hosack betrays the weak points of his case by the usual process of abusing the plaintiff's attorney. Poor Queen Elizabeth is, with him, a sort of Satan in stiff petticoats, and with very loose principles indeed.

Then we may remark that, clever as Mr. Hosack is, he sometimes forgets himself. Now, lawyers should have as good memory as other people who are said to especially require it. If he did not injure his client by forgetting himself, there would be no harm done worth the talking about. Sometimes his candour is exercised in favour of an adverse witness, but he does this in a sort of *aside*; that is, he makes an assertion in the text, and materially qualifies it in a foot-note. For example: he tells us that Knox said to Mary, "If the realm finds no inconvenience from the regiment of a woman, that which they approve I shall not further disallow than within my own breast; but shall be as well content to live under your Grace as Paul was to live under Nero." Mr. Hosack then says, in reference to the whole of Knox's address to Mary, of which the above is only a part, "The complacency with which the reformer likened himself, first to Plato and next to St. Paul, while he compared the young Queen to the bloodiest of all Roman tyrants, is highly characteristic of the intolerable arrogance of the man." So runs the precise statement in the text; but Mr. Hosack says in a foot-note that he can hardly believe that Knox used such offensive language, particularly as the reformer says he did! Again, in one and the same page,

Mr. Hosack describes Bothwell as "profligate and needy," and as being a member of Mary's Council by right of "the extent of his possessions." The needy Bothwell is elsewhere described as a "very powerful subject." Further on, we find the Queen declaring to Throgmorton that she was not married to Darnley, "whereas," says the author, "she had already privately married him"; and the subterfuge, to call it by a mild name, is rather justified than apologized for by Mr. Hosack. After this sample of Mary's power of fibbing, we confess to some surprise at a subsequent assurance made by the author that she was "unaccustomed or unable to conceal her real sentiments."

Then, treating of the "league of the Papist princes" to overthrow Protestantism, we are first told that it had reached the Queen's hands, but that it remained there without Mary's subscription. Mr. Hosack does not know whether it was ever subsequently signed by the Queen or not; yet he afterwards describes her as "refusing to join the Catholic League." And again, after the assertion of Mary's inability to conceal her real sentiments, the Queen is set forth as treating her half-brother, the Earl of Murray, "with all apparent confidence and respect," although she was aware at the time that he was accessory to the murder of Riccio.

But of more importance is the illustration of Mary's character, which is furnished by her conduct, as detailed by Mr. Hosack, when the idea was first floated of separating her from Darnley by a divorce. "She said that, if a lawful divorce might be obtained without prejudice to her son, she might be induced to consent to it." Maitland said to her, "Do not imagine, Madame, that we, the principal nobility of the realm, shall not find the means of ridding your Majesty of him without prejudice to your son." Maitland added that Murray, who was present, "would look through his fingers and behold our doings, saying nothing to the same." If this was not *mischievous malice*, and if it did not mean murder, what could it mean? Mr. Hosack goes so far as to admit that it was a "mysterious speech." We see nothing but bloody significance in it; and Mary merely replied, "I will that ye do nothing through which any spot may be laid on my honour or conscience,"—which was a very cautious answer indeed; yet Mr. Hosack says, in a later part of his volume, "The proposal of a divorce was, in fact, made by Maitland in presence of these three noblemen (Huntley, Argyll, and Murray), and was, on due consideration, absolutely rejected by the Queen." Her rejection was substantially this, Let us bide our time, trust in God, and preserve our characters. Mr. Hosack compels us to think thus of his client.

After all, the question as to this poor woman's reputation rests on the matter of this murder alone. She may have been weak, or wayward, in her first friendly steps towards Bothwell, who had been guilty of that which no woman willingly pardons—speaking dishonourably of her. She may or may not have been in a Papist League to drown Protestantism in blood, while, like James the Second, she was professing to desire that all religious opinions might have toleration. She may or may not have been of the most merciful temper, pardoning murderers and sending young Chastelar to the block for being found a second time concealed in her bed-room, or for being found out when there; and it is impossible yet to say which *was* the great offence for which he forfeited a life that Mary might have saved by the raising of her finger. All these circumstances, and a score of

others, have little or nothing to do with the important question, Was she a sharer in the horrible murder of her most detestable husband, before, during, or after the fact? And, let us say here that this matter of murder must be looked at from the point of view in which it was then considered. Killing was no murder in those days, as it would be held to be now. Life was held cheap. To break into its holy temple was a venial affair. Even the murder of kinsmen was scarcely more than a little failing. The family compact was not regarded. The easiest way of getting rid of a man was to slay him. The next desirable thing was to obtain a pardon for the deed; and this was obtained without much difficulty.

In such an atmosphere, murder did not loom large and repulsive. It was so natural. We can fancy that Mary was not over-much shocked. If she would not have foully slain Elizabeth, she would certainly have sent her to the block as unscrupulously, or scrupulously, as Elizabeth sent her. With all this, Mary is the most respectable figure in the terrible groups of which these pictures of Scottish history are made up. There was nothing noble, or honest, or attractive in the, for the most part, infamous Scottish nobility of that day. They lied, cheated, plundered, murdered, and betrayed; and some of them doubtless plunged Mary into that abyss from which she can never issue altogether purified. For, allowing that she loved Darnley, or even (which would have been pardonable) loathed him,—allowing that, notwithstanding the significant hints that a certain deed would rid her of her "filthy bargain," that she was not an accessory, at all events not an active accessory, in that atrocious and cowardly deed,—allowing all this and more, yet what can be said of or for a woman who lived days and nights under the roof of the man whom she knew to be one of the assassins of her husband,—who raised that assassin in dignity, and who wedded him and rested her head on his bosom while his shirt was, so to speak, yet hot and red with the blood of her former husband? Mary must take the consequences of this act for ever. As for saying that she was forced into the marriage, such an assertion is mere trifling. A woman may be forced to do many things, but not to mate with her dead husband's butcher without screaming protest. Mary had the power of tears, of screams, of struggling, of every means of which woman in such circumstances might avail herself. She might have been dragged, she need not have walked to the altar. There was not even a decent show of reluctance, to say nothing of opposition. If we are not sure, in spite of horrible testimony, that she was not one of the actual murderers,—and in her case the worst of the assassins of her own husband,—we are sure that she married with the chief actor in the bloody and cowardly slaughter, and that she knew she was wedding a foul liar, who had once cast dishonour on her character, and an assassin who took her with hands reeking with Darnley's blood. That she was soon sick and sorry, and longing for death, we can easily imagine. The waking up from her dream must have been, if any particle of true woman was in her, a waking up in hell. Even Mr. Hosack shrinks from his client at this juncture. If Mary Stuart be wrongly held to be the slayer of the poor wretch she had sworn to love, it is of her own doing. A woman who knowingly marries the assassin of her husband is guilty of his murder too. There is no escaping from this; and all our sympathy for Mary's bitter life before the crime, and more woeeful life after it, till time ended it at Fotheringay, with full circumstance of becomingness,

cannot wash out that one blot. Mr. Hosack himself exclaims "Irreparable error!" and allows that there is room for "grave suspicion."

If we are unconvinced by the author's pleadings, and have occasional fault to find with his contradictory assertions, we nevertheless cannot refrain from acknowledging the merits and the high value of his book. The story never flags, and it should be perused and reperused by every one interested—and who is not!—in the subject of which it treats. No point in the Queen's favour has been overlooked by him. This should be studied by all who are very familiar with the evidence on the other side.

We furnish a sample of the style of the book. We might almost suspect that the following had been written after long gazing at Mr. E. M. Ward's well-known picture—

"The evening of Saturday, the 9th of March, was fixed by the conspirators for the execution of their project; and as soon as it was dark Morton, with 160 armed retainers, quietly took possession of the inner court of the palace, and secured the outer gates. Darnley had supped earlier than usual, and on entering her chamber by a private staircase he found the queen still at table with the Countess of Argyll. Riccio, Arthur Erskine, Captain of the Guard, and several other persons were also present. Darnley seated himself by the queen, and, placing his arm round her waist, seemed more than usually amiable. But she was speedily startled by the appearance of Ruthven, who, clad in full armour, had followed the king up the private staircase, and who, ghastly pale from a disease which soon afterwards proved fatal, had gathered up his dying energies for the part assigned to him in the bloody drama. The unhappy secretary recoiled from the unwelcome visitor, and instinctively took refuge behind the queen's chair. George Douglas and other of the conspirators now entered the room, and the queen, turning to her husband, asked whether they had come by his invitation. He answered in the negative, while some of the conspirators advanced to seize their prey. But the queen, rising from her seat, confronted the assassins, and commanded them instantly, upon pain of treason, to quit her presence. The conspirators hung back, disconcerted by this unexpected display of self-possession; and Darnley in particular, to use their own words, 'wist not what to do.' At this critical time the well-known war-cry of the Douglas—a sound that was rarely welcome now to the ears of Scottish monarchs, was heard ringing through the palace. It proceeded from the followers of Morton, who, impatient of delay, were crowding up the main staircase to the queen's apartments. Encouraged or reproached by the shouts of his clansmen, George Douglas now rushed past the queen and stabbed Riccio with his dagger. Another ruffian, Ker of Faudonside, held a cocked pistol to her breast. In the confusion the supper-table was overturned, the lights extinguished, and the hapless victim of brutal prejudice and bigotry, whose only crime was fidelity to his mistress, was dragged from her presence and instantly butchered on the landing outside her apartments. So eager were his assassins that some of them even stabbed each other in their fierce haste to shed the blood of the idolater."

Mr. Hosack does not afford any similar illustration of Mrs. Ward's equally well known picture of Mary's visit to her infant son at Stirling; but there is picturesqueness in the details of what did (or did not) take place there; and besides, the passage shows the spirit in which the author treats his adversaries:—

"On the 21st of April the queen set out for Stirling to visit the infant prince. She was accompanied by her chancellor, Huntly; her secretary, Maitland; and Sir James Melville. If we are to believe her enemies, she undertook this journey for the express purpose of poisoning her son. What conceivable motive she could have had for such an act they have not explained; but having begun the work of calumny, they were resolved, apparently, to shrink from nothing. The particulars of this alleged attempt on the life of the infant prince we

learn from Sir William Drury. 'At the queen's last being at Stirling,' he says, 'the prince being brought unto her, she offered to kiss him, but the prince would not, but put her face away with his hand, and did to his strength scratch her. She took an apple out of her pocket and offered it, but it would not be received by him; but the nurse took it, and to a greyhound bitch having whelps the apple was thrown. She ate it, and she and her whelps died presently. A sugar-loaf also for the prince was brought thither at the same time, and left there for the prince, but the Earl of Mar keeps the same. It is judged to be very evil compounded.' It is to be observed that Drury does not upon this occasion speak of rumours. He narrates as facts the incidents which he describes; and the determination of the queen to destroy her child is evinced by the circumstance of her carrying to Stirling a poisoned cake as well as a poisoned apple. One thing, however, is clear, that, even according to the testimony of her enemies, Mary Stewart, whatever may have been her accomplishments or her crimes, was no adept in the art of poisoning. Buchanan says that she twice gave poison to her husband without the desired effect, and her attempts upon her son, according to Drury, were equally unsuccessful. The whole story is too ludicrous for serious comment, nor can we for a moment suppose that it was received as genuine by Elizabeth and her sagacious minister. They knew that raw apples were a kind of food not likely to tempt an infant at the breast, and still less likely to be devoured by a greyhound. But in an age of bigotry and ignorance, the details furnished by Drury were well calculated to prejudice the multitude against the queen; and it was with this object, no doubt, that the story was invented and put in circulation. The queen left Stirling on the 23rd of April, and spent that night at her birthplace, the Palace of Linlithgow. On the following day, when on the road to Edinburgh, she was stopped by Bothwell, who suddenly made his appearance at the head of 1,000 horse. Mr. Froude says that her guard flew to her side to defend her; but that, 'with singular composure, she said she would have no bloodshed: her people were outnumbered, and rather than any of them should lose their lives she would go wherever the Earl of Bothwell wished.' But this is the speech, not of the Queen of Scots, but of Mr. Froude, who has put it into her mouth for the obvious purpose of leading his readers to conclude that she was an accomplice in the designs of Bothwell."

The main interest of the book lies in the catastrophe at Kirk o' Field. Mr. Hosack does not obtain a verdict for his illustrious (and in many respects to be pitied) client, but he has laboured more manfully towards that end than any of his predecessors in the praiseworthy work of endeavouring to brighten a poor woman's reputation.

New Tracks in North America. By William A. Bell, M.A. M.B. 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

BETWEEN Fort Wallace, in Western Kansas, and Santa Fé, in New Mexico, and along the Mexican frontier, where Arizona and Sonora meet, are countries not known as yet except to silver-miners, and little known to them. In 1867 the Kansas Pacific Railway, or "Southern Transcontinental Line," as it is sometimes called, sent out an exploring expedition for 5,000 miles across these wastes, to which Mr. Bell, a young Englishman who had just left Cambridge, was attached by favour, as a "photographer," wholly innocent of photographic art. A botanist before he started, Mr. Bell became an antiquary as he journeyed, and his book possesses the merit of formally introducing us to a vegetation and to a people of whom we have hitherto known but little,—the Flora of the Colorado desert, and the northern Aztecs of New Mexico and Chihuahua.

At Fort Wallace, on the smoky hill route,

in the spring of 1867, Mr. Bell and his party had a serious fight with the Cheyennes. He gives "Cut arms" as a translation of their name, but the common belief upon the plains is that "cheyenne" is a corruption of "chien,"—the name by which they were known to the French trappers, and which is still preserved in the phrase "Dog Indians." The name exists, too, in other forms; the "Little Dogs" are a secondary section of the tribe, and Spotted Dog is one of their leading chiefs. We will not quarrel with our author about the dogs, however, for his general conclusions as to the future of the plains are as sound as his account of them is full of interest. When we come to New Mexico we have some little fault to find with Mr. Bell. The chapter upon the tertiary coal strata of the Rocky Mountains is a kind of literary dustheap, into which rough bits of knowledge have been shot along with much rubbish, and from which neither the scientific man nor the general reader will obtain any real knowledge, except that there is more or less lignite in north-eastern New Mexico and south-eastern Colorado. The survey of the territory of Colorado, drawn up for the Paris Exhibition of 1867, has told us more than Mr. Bell. For our part, we are of opinion that the coal-fields of New Mexico are of far greater value than those of Colorado; but we have in view those of central and not of north-eastern New Mexico.

If Mr. Bell's book has been written since his return to England, it bears marks of a good memory; indeed, of a memory that is far too good. There is nothing so hurtful to the accuracy of a book of travels as a painfully correct memory on the part of the writer, who, if he has the talent of forgetfulness of his momentary impressions, can write in good perspective when he looks back upon his journey, but who, if he is cursed with a good memory, gives his readers an exaggeration of the first scene of each new kind of scenery, and unduly depreciates all later wonders, of which he has seen the types before. We doubt, for instance, whether, if Mr. Bell were to cross the country between Fort Wallace and the Arkansas River now, he would apply to it the hard name of "desert." At all events, he would, we are sure, admit that the same term should not be applied to any portion of the rolling Plains, and to the salt-flats traversed by the Rio Colorado near its mouth.

The account of the passage of the great cañon of the Colorado by the man White is unworthy of the book. It is sensational, and probably not true. When certain references to the story first appeared in the *California Alta*, a discussion was provoked by them which made the story somewhat of a byword even in the Far West, where strict accuracy is not looked upon as a virtue. Another of our quarrels with Mr. Bell must be upon his statement that "most of the Californian wines are of inferior quality, and require doctoring to make them keep," which is an opinion contrary to the evidence of the senses of all who have travelled in California, which Mr. Bell has not, except so far as to cross it by railway at its narrowest point.

These are but small deductions from the merits of Mr. Bell's admirable book, which gives us a living picture of countries of which, till now, we have had no account at all. We need not enter into a discussion, with the author, of his theories as to the Pueblo Indians, which he hints at rather than states; but if he possesses any of their pottery, it would be advisable that he should cause plates of it to be inserted in any future edition of his book, as no evidence of their past can be so valuable as this.

The Falashas (Jews) of Abyssinia. By J. M. Flad. With a Preface by Dr. Krapf. Translated from the German by S. P. Goodhart. (Macintosh.)

Don John Bermudez, Abuna of Abyssinia in the early part of the seventeenth century, left a very interesting account of the exploits of three or four hundred Portuguese adventurers, who, under the guidance of Don Christopher de Gama, and afterwards of Ariaz Diz, his successor in command, conquered the Mohammedan kingdoms of Zeilah and Adel, restored to the languishing kingdom of Abyssinia its ancient seaboard on the Red Sea, and once more caused a Christian power to be predominant in a region where the superior civilization of the Moslem rulers had gained for them a pre-eminence which seems to have been not altogether undeserved. One circumstance alone detracted from the happiness of Claudius (otherwise Gradeus), King of Abyssinia, and that was the presence of the zealous but unscrupulous Abuna himself. This is not the place for us to relate circumstantially how the Portuguese primate tried to force the King to coerce his subjects and compel them to adopt all the doctrine and discipline of Rome; how, proving at length to be an insupportable nuisance, he was placed in honourable captivity, but succeeded in escaping, having overawed his gaoler by frightening him with firearms (the physical results of the alarm must be described in no less graphic language than that of Bermudez himself, which is unrepresentable in our more refined age); how, having been again placed under surveillance, he ultimately gained the coast on pretence of collecting subscriptions for a church which had been burnt down, and so found his way home to Lisbon, to hand his name down to posterity as that of a gallant but unsuccessful devotee to the physical-force doctrines of the Romish Church. All this can be read in the English language by those who know where to find it; and it is rather singular that this genuine story, which is considerably more amusing than an ordinary novel of the season, should have been either entirely overlooked or absurdly distorted by most of our modern English writers on Abyssinia. But it is not our business here to relate the adventures of the most audacious of patriarchs and missionaries; we merely wish to call attention to the narrative of Bermudez, so far as the subject immediately at hand is concerned. Be it known, then, that after several signal successes Don Christopher de Gama was for a brief period left unmolested by the Mohammedan foe, and had encamped his little army on a certain mountain, which appeared to be inaccessible to any attacking force if properly defended. Unfortunately, he was informed that there was in the neighbourhood another mountain inhabited by Jews; and, having attacked and conquered the unfortunate Israelites, he brought their women into his camp and gave himself up to a life of Capuan sensuality. The Patriarch in vain protested; the *morale* of the Portuguese force was, for a time, upset by this adventure, and the army of De Gama, when the campaign recommenced, met with the only defeat that it ever suffered in the whole of its career; but that defeat was enough to lead, in its ultimate results, to the captivity and death of the brave but foolish and unprincipled soldier of fortune who had sought and obtained the command of the force from his brother, Don Estevan de Gama, Governor-General of the Portuguese Indies.

To those who first read the account of Bermudez in the old English translation, it came, no doubt, as a kind of surprise that De Gama had attacked a mountain inhabited "by Jewes";

and, as the Patriarch offered no further explanation, the reader probably wondered whether those people were really Jews, and, if so, how they came there. At the present day, however, there is no longer any doubt that numerous communities of Jews exist in the midst of—but socially distinct from—the Christian inhabitants of Abyssinia. These are the people called Falashas; and the book before us gives many interesting particulars as to their mode of life, and the extent to which they have preserved the traditions of their race. Concerning their origin and descent there are various theories current in Abyssinia. The Christians, it is well known, consider that Solomon had a son by a Queen of Abyssinia, described in the Scriptures as Queen of Sheba. According to the Christian tradition, this prince, named Menelek, was sent to Jerusalem to be educated; but, when he arrived at man's estate, the Jewish nation besought their king to send him to his own country, lest his presence in Jerusalem should lead to political complications. The request was granted, and the Afro-Judaic prince was accompanied by a vast number of Jewish attendants, who planted in Abyssinia the germs of their race and their religion. The Falashas, on the other hand, have several traditions of their own to account for their presence in Abyssinia. According to one party, their ancestors fled into Egypt, and thence penetrated to Abyssinia, at the time of the Assyrian or Babylonian Captivity; according to another, they fled into Africa at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. To a casual observer the last-mentioned theory would seem the most probable, because it involves less strain on our belief in the extraordinary duration of religious traditions in a race which has long since relapsed into barbarism. The author, however, appears to feel considerable confidence in rejecting this theory, on the ground that the Falashas of the present day appear to be ignorant of observances, &c. subsequent to the Captivity,—such as the Babylonian and Jerusalem Talmud, and the Feasts of Purim and Dedication; while, at the same time, they are well acquainted with rites and customs instituted at an earlier period.

Whatever may be the origin of this Jewish remnant, there is not the least doubt that it exists as a distinct society; and that although the numbers may not be very large or the amount of learning very great, the separate vitality of the race and sect is unimpaired. So it is with the Christians of Abyssinia; who, in spite of their isolated position, their ignorance, and their poverty, have kept the spark of faith alive in the midst of Mohammedan and heathen races often more powerful than themselves. The author of the little book before us, though speaking, as it were, from the Christian side, admits that "in a moral point of view, the Abyssinian Christians are below the Falashas." If we accept his theory as to the early migration, it will, in fact, appear that the Falashas have never rejected the Christian faith, since it has never, except by missionaries of recent times, who have not had fair play, been properly presented to them. This theory, as will be perceived from what has been said above, of course involves the supposition that the Jews of Abyssinia are not Jews in the modern sense of the word, but an offshoot of the house of Israel which sprang out and was lost to view long before the advent of the Messiah whom the Christians acknowledge. In every point of view the subject is interesting, and it is to be wished that more sympathy could be shown by the Christians of Europe towards their brethren in the country of "Prete Janni." It seems hard that a Christian community should have

been allowed to struggle for existence during so many centuries without any assistance from Europe, except the tyrannical patronage of such men as Bermudez; and it is equally painful to reflect that the descendants of Abraham should be living among them, faithful to such traditions as have reached them, but utterly unable, by any sources of knowledge accessible to them, to enlarge their sphere of information, and to know what happened in Israel and Judah after the date, whatever that date may have been, of their voluntary or compulsory exodus. Mr. Flad's book is calculated to draw attention to the subject as regards the Falashas, and it will not, we hope, be without beneficial effect; though, from the untimely termination of the mission, it is necessarily less complete than we might otherwise have reasonably expected.

Miscellanies; chiefly Addresses, Academical and Historical. By Francis William Newman. (Trübner & Co.)

WERE it not that the term might seem to imply disrespect for a book of profound learning and original thought, we should apply the old-fashioned term "olio" to the volume in which Prof. Newman offers to a select body of readers his views on various subjects lying within the domain of logic, history and criticism. Resembling in its miscellaneousness the productions to which the almost obsolete word was in past time generally given, and differing from them only in so far as its producer differs by abundance and depth of erudition from the majority of miscellaneous writers, the collection takes into consideration such a variety of recondite subjects that it is impossible to render critical justice to its varied contents within the limits of a single article. That the papers thus gathered together from a store of similar materials have, for the most part, been lying for years amongst manuscripts, for which their author has taken no steps to secure immediate publication, is a fact that redounds to the professor's credit by demonstrating his freedom from the egotistic restlessness and craving for notoriety which supply more *littérateurs* with their strongest motives to industry.

Opening with thirty-four brief notes on questions pertaining to logic, the budget contains four lectures on the 'Topics and Essence of Poetry,' the 'Forms of Poetry,' 'Poetical Description' and 'Poetical Ornament,'—essays that are followed by seven addresses on the chief forms of ancient nations, in which the lecturer discourses successively on 'The Pre-historical State,' 'Priestly Kingdoms, especially Egypt,' 'Commercial States, especially Phœnicia,' 'Equestrian Empires (Scythia, Mesopotamia, Persia),' 'Republics, especially Athens,' and 'The Roman Republic.' Next follow 'A Defence of Carthage,' 'A Fragment on Liberal Instruction in Mathematics,' an address on 'Elocution as a Part of Education,' originally delivered at a ladies' college,—and an 'Essay on National Loans,' of which article we are told in the author's Preface that it "appeared in the *National Review*, an unfortunately short-lived quarterly."

Of the style and quality of the 'Fragments on Logic'—the element that, more than any other ingredient of the volume, is likely to rouse the curiosity of any numerous class of readers—a notion may be formed from the following note on 'Transcendental Truth':—

"Whether Coleridge's Literary Remains, picked up often from his pencillings, represent his deliberate convictions, others may inquire. I find them to reason on the most arduous questions with unshrinking confidence, and when contradictory results are elicited, to put forward as excuse

the transcendental nature of the subject, instead of confessing that some mistake has somewhere been made. But who is to draw the limits of Transcendental Truth,—that Elysian field within which a speculator may self-complacently indulge in contradicting himself, without reproach, as often as he likes? To imagine our notions to be clear, and the transcendentalist's dim, might seem a gratuitous insult. If his ideas are clearer or juster than ours, his business is to help us to precision and truth, to lessen confusion, to separate the known from the unknown; not to teach us to rest complacently on avowed contradictions. It avails not to plead in excuse that his words (suppose *Angel, God*) inadequately 'express the things' intended. Neither do Man and Horse express 'things' adequately. It is enough if words express *our notions* of things. But in fact, Time and Space, Self and Non Self, Life and Death, may all claim to be *transcendental*,—for anything that appears to the contrary. May then geometers and astronomers, metaphysicians and physiologists, contradict themselves knowingly and avowedly, without being abashed; and throw the blame on the difficulty of the subject? No one obliges them to treat it, if it is too hard for them. A very different man from Coleridge has gone marvellously far against logic and, as I think, against good sense; I mean the Rev. Prof. Sedgwick, in his discourse concerning the Studies of the University of Cambridge. He therein severely rebukes Paley for 'shutting up the Almighty into a syllogism,' because Paley demonstrates the Divine Goodness as follows. 'The Creator either sought the happiness of his creatures, or sought their misery, or was indifferent about both. The two latter hypotheses are refuted by numberless facts: therefore the first hypothesis is true.'—It is open to any one to deny that the three hypotheses exhaust all the possibilities. It is also open to any one to contest the alleged refutation of the two latter hypotheses. Mr. Sedgwick makes no objection on either head; but, barely because the argument is dealing with the 'Creator,' he objects even to draw a pious conclusion by a process of logic which he would approve if the word Creator were changed into Angel or Man. This is to say, that we are not to argue *at all* about Deity; in which case the less we think of Him (or of Theology, which is the Science of Him) the better."

Characteristic also of the writer and his present contributions to the science and the art of reasoning is the fragment on 'Innate Ideas':—

"Is a man's beard *innate*? No one would think of using such a phrase. But if any one did use it, no one would understand him to mean that the beard was *connate* with him. He could only mean that it grew out from an inward nature, sooner or later. So if any one call the idea of Justice innate, he does not mean that we have it at birth, but that it grows up in the normal man sooner or later. Nor does it avail to object that experience is needed and a supply of *facts* from without, in order that the idea may arise. Of course. So also *food* is needed from without, in order that the beard may grow from within. The faculty or organs within, the supplies from without, must in each case co-operate for the result. It is senseless to contest whether experience or the Mind furnishes the ideas. Neither alone will suffice. Yet we could not rightly call any development innate, unless it arose normally to our whole race under normal, nay, inevitable circumstances. Nor is it perhaps wise to use the word innate without occasion, when it has been so strangely misinterpreted."

Announcing that the papers of the present publication are but a sample of a much larger mass of writing that has accumulated in his drawers during a long period of studious labour and literary endeavour, Prof. Newman adds, "on the reception given to this volume it must depend whether others follow." Whether events will justify the fear or the wish expressed in these words of doubtful hope we will not venture to predict; but it is certain that not a few scholarly collectors of learned books will

deem the 'Miscellanies' worthy of a place beside those Literary Remains of the Highgate philosopher, of which the Professor speaks with pungent and not misdirected severity.

Seven Eventful Years in Paraguay: a Narrative of Personal Experience amongst the Paraguayans. By George Frederick Masterman. With a Map. (Low & Co.)

REVIEWING Mr. Thompson's book on the war in Paraguay, in a former number of this journal, we said that the British public did not feel much interest in the subject, but that the account given us of the character of Lopez was such as to attract our attention. Mr. Masterman has still better claims to be heard. He was himself a sufferer by that cruelty which Mr. Thompson was either told of or witnessed at a safe distance. For some months he was confined in a dark, damp, loathsome dungeon, teeming with insect life, and ringing with the incessant yells of sentries and the cries of pain from tortured prisoners. After that, he was in turn subjected to the torture; he was driven to confess what he knew to be untrue as the only possible escape from further cruelties and from death; and he was dragged about the country with a crowd of other sufferers, forced to walk by blows, always in dread of worse torture, and looking for only one prospect of release. His evils had, indeed, a different end from the one which he expected, and which was bestowed impartially on so many of his companions. But of course he feels bitterly the barbarous injustice of his treatment; and if he does not call Lopez by any worse names than were given him by Mr. Thompson, that is because language fails to fitly characterize his atrocity.

It appears from the statements scattered over Mr. Masterman's volume that Lopez massacred 1,500 to 2,000 prisoners of war in one day,—that he shot his younger brother, after having him almost cut to pieces,—that he had the husband of one of his sisters shot in her presence after the husband of his other sister had died under torture,—and that when his two sisters, whom he forced to be present at the execution, gave vent to their feelings, he had them flogged in a manner outraging decency and humanity. A thousand, and even two thousand, lashes are said to have been given to some of the prisoners. Others were taken to the front of the army, and then informed with regret that some movement of the enemy made it necessary to shoot them. One prisoner was crucified horizontally under Mr. Masterman's window. On the march an old man happened to fall; he was at once stripped and thrashed by two corporals till he staggered to his feet, and hurried forward as fast as his fetters would permit; then when he stumbled again, an officer, after striking him several times with his sword, stamped on his head till his white hair was dabbled in blood. The torture to which most of the prisoners, from Lopez's own brother and his former ministers down to the humblest rank, were subjected, reminds us of passages in Mr. Ainsworth's 'Tower of London.' We quote the description given by a friend of Mr. Masterman's:—

"The torture is as follows, and this is how I suffered it: I sat on the ground with my knees up, my legs were first tied tightly together, and then my hands behind me, with the palms outwards. A musket was then fastened under my knees; six more of them, tied together in a bundle, were then put on my shoulders, and then they were looped together with hide ropes at one end; they then made a running loop on the other side, from the lower musket to the other; and two soldiers hauling on the end of it, forced my face down to my knees, and secured it so. The effect was as follows: first, the feet went to sleep, then a tingling commenced

in the toes, gradually extending to the knees, and the same in the hands and arms, and increased until the agony was unbearable. My tongue swelled up, and I thought that my jaws would have been displaced; I lost all feeling in one side of my face for a fortnight afterwards. The suffering was dreadful; I should certainly have confessed if I had had anything to confess, and I have no doubt many would acknowledge or invent anything to escape bearing the horrible agony of this torment. I remained two hours as I have described, and I considered myself fortunate in escaping then; for many were put in the *uruguayana* twice, and others six times, and with eight muskets on the nape of the neck."

Mr. Masterman himself was tortured thus till he fainted, and to avoid a repetition of such sufferings, he made what professed to be a full confession. As he knew nothing against the persons whom he was required to implicate, of course he had to invent, and any failures of invention were stimulated by the re-appearance of the bundle of ropes and muskets. It may be a question for moralists whether Mr. Masterman was right in thus giving way, or was bound to resist to the utmost. We do not feel called upon to express an opinion further than this, namely, that much as we admire the early martyrs, we cannot think that Mr. Masterman was placed in a position at all analogous. It was merely for the satisfaction of Lopez that he was called upon to invent. The people whom he was required to implicate were either dead or safely out of the country. Perhaps it was not necessary for him to boast that he did not lie more than was actually indispensable, while others lied freely. There we come to a question of degree, which is still more likely to involve us in casuistry. It seems, indeed, that one of Mr. Masterman's fellow prisoners gave in on the mere threat of torture, invented recklessly, involved everybody else in his confessions, and boasted about it afterwards. "I floated with the current," says Mr. Masterman; "sometimes battling and struggling with my whole strength against it; but he swam vigorously. Except in saying that I believed in the existence of a plot, that Mr. Washburn was the chief of it, and that I had been invited to join it, the whole of my evidence was perfectly true. He, on the other hand, invented exactly in proportion to the pressure put upon him; and, more than this, with a hardihood scarcely credible, he informed me that he had supplied every missing link in the evidence, not only against Mr. Washburn, but all the accused, excepting myself, then in existence, and, worse than all, was proud of it." We presume he was only proud of it because it saved him from the muskets, and he thought it was best to act on the motto *pecca fortiter*. "Was there any truth in your depositions?" asked Mr. Masterman of another fellow prisoner.—"No, no—lies, all lies, from beginning to end," was the answer.—"Why did you tell them?" asked Mr. Masterman, as he himself says, rather unnecessarily.—"That terrible Father Maiz," was the reply, "tortured me in the *uruguayana* on three successive days, and then smashed my fingers with a mallet." As Mr. Masterman was only tortured once, and his fingers were not smashed, this prisoner might have blamed him in turn for yielding too readily. But instead of that, he told him he had done well to confess. It was in the same spirit that the relations of all who deserted from the Paraguayan army were forced to publish letters, cursing and disowning them. A wife who thus disclaimed her husband was asked by Mr. Masterman how she could have written such a letter. "To save my children," she replied. "It is all false; you know I love my husband dearly, but señor, what would you?"

The picture Mr. Masterman gives us of his life in prison is far more cheerful than these scenes of horror. He was confined, indeed, in a dark and damp cell, and he could get no sleep at nights, because the sentries had to cry out at the top of their voices every quarter of an hour, to show that they were not asleep. The precaution was not unnecessary, as some of the sentries were mere boys, not more than ten or twelve years old. "Once," says Mr. Masterman, "I saw a chubby, flaxen-haired boy holding his musket like a pole before him, the tears running down his cheeks, trying to weep silently, but a big sob shook him at intervals. I asked him in a whisper what was the matter. 'I want to go home to my mother,' he whimpered most unheroically, 'and I am afraid of the dark.' Poor little fellow! I thought; you are even more miserable than I." Mr. Masterman watched fights between spiders and scorpions with great interest, killed cockroaches that were escaping from scorpions, and then killed the scorpions which were in pursuit, admired the industry and resources of spiders, and learned to catch them and stroke them till they almost purred with pleasure. It is not in his prison only that Mr. Masterman is an acute observer. His incidental sketches of Paraguayan life and manners, of the scenery of the river and of the Cordilleras, of long rides during the day and of dances lasting all night, relieve the sombre tints of cruelty and oppression. We see the Paraguayan grisettes seated on their door-steps passing alternately a comb and a candle through their hair, and we know that the candle, which is made of fresh suet, has been rescued from some cook who would have used it for frying a cutlet. Here is Mr. Masterman's sketch of the scenery of the river:—

"If, when the Paraguay is ascended, it should be at flood, the view is but of endless swamps covered with *cameloté* and other aquatic plants, or half-drowned trees showing their tops above the water, and only upheld by the twisted cables of lianas which bind them firmly to each other, or else floating in natural rafts, corded and moored by their tangled strands. The tepid water between them is almost hidden by white and blue lilies, or the broad leaves and snowy flowers of their queen, the Victoria Regia. Flocks of small aquatic birds are seen, it is true, fishing amidst the network of creepers and branches, but they give no animation to the scene, and utter no sound, save a low, warning cry of alarm, if we approach them too nearly. It is only at sunset, when the parrots are flying back after a raid on the orange trees, that the death-like silence is broken. Their harsh screams, softened by distance, as they wing their way far overhead, then sound almost musical, and light and life seem to fade out together, as the red disc disappears and the last straggler passes."

Mr. Masterman tells some 'strange stories of the ignorance of the Paraguayan priests, and of the religious condition of the people. Some dolls he took out from England as playthings for children were at once appropriated by the elders, and made into fashionable saints; while the contents of a Noah's Ark were arranged on an altar to represent the procession of the Magi, Shem, Ham and Japhet in their cylindrical wooden coats doing duty for the three kings themselves. One of the children of Lopez's mistress was playing with his ark in the presence of his mother and her guests, when he began to cry, and being asked what was the matter, said he could not find Japhet. Sure enough, one of the three sons was missing, and the child was scolded. But the Bishop of Paraguay, who was present, arrested the flood of maternal wrath, saying in his blandest tones, and with an air of paternal correction, "Pardon me, Señora, there could not have been three, for you know that Noah had only two sons,

Cain and Abel." The same ecclesiastic, together with Lopez himself, was drawn out by Mr. Masterman on the exhibition of a magic-lantern:—

"Many of the slides represented battle scenes from the recent Franco-Italian campaign, but we took the liberty of rechristening some of them thus: 'Battle of Copenhagen, between the Persians and the Dutch.' 'Ah! that was a terrible affair,' said Lopez, patronizingly, to the bishop. 'The field of Trafalgar after the battle, Mamelukes removing the wounded.' 'What Christian humanity, sire!' softly observed the bishop. And so we went on. 'Capture of the Jungfrau in the final charge at Magenta,' cried Thompson, with an unsteady voice, and kicking my shins under the table; and 'Death of General Orders at the moment of victory,' was the title of the next, which sounded very imposing in Spanish, and closed the series. Then came the comic slides, when the bishop was very nearly the death of us. There was light enough reflected from the screen to see him distinctly, and his contortions, as he tried with handkerchief stuffed into his mouth to stifle his laughter, were excruciatingly diverting. He dared not laugh out, yet his delight at the figures, especially at one, where the nose of a dwarf gradually reached portentous dimensions, was utterly beyond his control."

There must have been a rather dangerous delight in thus deceiving the brutal Dictator whose word sent thousands to prison and to the rack, and in coupling with him one of his tools, who had risen by acting the spy and the informer. It is possible that this joke was remembered against Mr. Masterman when he was arrested for a trivial cause, and when he was forced to invent confessions under torture. But it would be idle to speculate on the motives which influenced Lopez. We wish Mr. Masterman had some more vivid satisfaction than the thought that he had played a trick on a tiger and a jackal.

Handbook for Travellers in Wiltshire, Dorsetshire and Somersetshire. New Edition. With Map and Plans. (Murray.)

A new and vastly improved edition of one of Mr. Murray's English guide-books deserves notice for the benefit of others than travellers. Although very far from being perfect, these compilations are the most convenient books for topographical reference in existence. They are most valuable in describing the natural features, scenery and character of the districts of which they treat, where materials have been gathered from personal observation or supplied by local contributors. Their archaeology is often questionable, and sometimes absurd; yet, considering the scope of the series, by no means inefficient and unsatisfactory. What strikes one most readily in looking through a volume such as that before us is the large proportion of space which is devoted to a science so little popular as geology, while the large opportunities of art and archaeology are comparatively neglected, and biography, or personal history, is still less richly illustrated. These guide-books differ considerably in value; those on Kent and Sussex being among the best. No new edition of one of these publications showed such great improvements as that now in question; the ecclesiastical and archaeological departments, which before were ludicrously imperfect and absurdly neglected, have been enlarged and revised in a commendable manner; so that the volume is ten times better worth having. It is nearly twice the bulk, and, we think, about twenty-five per cent. more costly.

One or two errors appear, of which, for future correction, we note the following on a biographical matter:—At p. 66, in reference to Devises and its celebrities, the well-known inn, the Bear (Black Bear) is noted, and the tenancy of Sir Thomas Lawrence's easy-going father

alluded to, with the residence of the son. Further, we are told that that son was born at Bath. This is wrong; the graceful and showy President of the Royal Academy was born at Bristol, most probably at the White Lion Inn, in Broad Street of that city, where his father was at once coffee-house keeper, innkeeper and farmer, having formerly been supervisor of Excise. It is probable that the painter was born at the inn, on May 4, 1769. He was certainly baptized in the church of St. Philip and St. Jacob, Bristol. We do not find Lawrence mentioned amongst the worthies of Bristol; and, on turning to the account of Bath, find it equally silent, notwithstanding the declaration which appears under Devises. Among Bath worthies, if not among its natives, Lawrence might well appear, for he lived and made his reputation there. He was also at Weymouth. But a far greater than he, the master Gainsborough, flourished in Bath for many years, yet gets no name here. His rooms were in the Circus, 1760. He resided in Bath thenceforward until 1774.

We have expressed our surprise at the frequent neglect of archaeological matters in these texts. We never use them in the field without new grounds of wonder at their silence on finding in village churches memorabilia of men and things of note, and relics of bygone and beautiful Art as it existed long ago. True it is that one rarely fails to observe traces of either, if not both, in these treasures of antiquity. The map would be none the worse if it contained a railway, as completed, to Moreton-hampstead, which has been open some time.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

A few French books, not all of which come from France, are claiming our attention. The first has a title running in English thus:—

Establishment of the Cobourgs in Portugal. Studies of the Beginnings of a Constitutional Monarchy. Written under the Inspection of Lieut.-Gen. Count Goblet d'Alviella (formerly Belgian Envoy in Lisbon).—[L'Etablissement des Cobourgs en Portugal, &c.] (Paris, International Library; London, Trübner & Co.)

To English readers, this book will be found of interest. When the young Queen of Portugal, Donna Maria, lost her young husband, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, after a marriage of a couple of months' duration, the Cortes who had speedily worried the bridegroom to death showed its remorse for killing one husband by bidding his widow to choose quickly whom she pleased for another.

At that time there was a quiet young gentleman in the dull château of Kohary, in Hungary, whose pursuits showed a fondness for the practice of Art, and for little besides. He was a modest, reserved young fellow of twenty years of age, with no more idea in his head of becoming a king in right of a wife whom he had not yet seen, than he had of being elected Grand Lama. But he was a Cobourg, and therefore the good fortune of his house might carry him to any point of grandeur. But again he, Ferdinand of Saxe-Cobourg-Kohary, seemed only a distant cousin of the luckier Cobourgs, and with no right to aim so high as they aimed. He was quite satisfied with his condition, and was not ambitious. If all of his race had been as little aspiring the family would not have been so distinguished as it now is.

In the last century the Cobourgs were lords of a dominion of twenty-nine square miles, and 90,000 inhabitants. The Duke Ernest (Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha), who succeeded in 1806, inherited a wider domain, but there was so little

room in it for his two brothers Ferdinand and Leopold that the latter entered the Russian service, and ran a well-known career which ended on the throne of Belgium. Ferdinand went into the Austrian service, married the daughter of a Hungarian magnate, Prince Francis of Kohary, and agreed to bring up the children as Catholics. The *mésalliance*, it was said, would shut the children out of all chance of marrying into families of the paternal rank, and their Roman Catholicism would estrange them from the Protestant branches of the family. But "the luck of the Cobourgs" was furthered by this very circumstance. When a king-consort was wanted for Portugal and its Queen, the Protestant King Leopold thought of his nephew, Ferdinand of Saxe-Cobourg-Kohary, and helped him to a marriage higher than any he could form within the family circle. Young Ferdinand went unwillingly to be made a king and a husband, and he would not have gone at all had he not been permitted to take with him his old tutor, Dietz, who was to be his "confidant,"—which implies anything to further the interests of his pupil.

The wedding was sad, the festival was sadder. The nation had no greetings for the young couple. Politics hatched conspiracies; and in a contest between the "popular party" for a constitution, and the Court party to retain the old Don Pedro charter, ministers rose and fell; blood was shed in insurrectionary movements; murder thrust her bloody hand into the fray, and anarchy had well-nigh been established when England, France and Belgium interposed by a threatening sort of conciliatory demonstration. General Goblet, on his way to Lisbon, passed through London, where he called upon the Duke of Wellington, to render homage and obtain advice. The Duke had himself in some sort governed and organized Portugal in the old war-time. Goblet had been Wellington's prisoner in Spain, after St. Sebastian; he had been under his orders at Waterloo, and was his host when the Duke visited the Belgian fortresses, the construction of which Goblet had directed, when there was a Kingdom of the Netherlands. The Belgian soldier and statesman tells us that under all circumstances he found the Duke full of kindness and sympathy. At the last interview, Goblet found him under the pressure of age and political disappointment, but as cordial and gentlemanlike as ever. In discussing affairs generally, and those of Portugal in particular, the Duke is reported to have said—"People were not made to direct themselves, they must be led. Shut up in that space before us (Hyde Park) an agglomeration of men, and tell them to get out of it as they best can, they will tear one another to pieces in the effort." Goblet stated that he himself had a better opinion of humanity, whether as a whole, or a part of it caged-up in the Park, to get out of it as they best might.

In Portugal, however, it was very like what the Duke said of it. Insurrection, civil war, repression, and then a new springing-up and a repetition of the old course, till Government at last prevailed, and something like order took the place of anarchy. It was only a semblance of order at first, but it gradually grew into a reality, and the poor Queen had a little breathing-time before she died, A.D. 1853. A first and then a second son (the present King Louis the First) succeeded her. Their father wisely fell back into as happy a retirement as he could secure for himself. That he desires to enjoy life is shown by his refusal of the crown of Spain. It was declined with a "No-I-thank-you, much-rather-not" sort of humour, which was infinitely diverting.

The next is from an English press, and is the work of a late Belgian Ambassador in London. It is carefully edited by the Belgian Consul, M. Octave Delepiere, who modestly confines himself to his initials.

Choix d'Opuscules Philosophiques, Historiques, Politiques, et Littéraires. Par Sylvain Van de Weyer. Précédés d'avant-propos de l'Éditeur. Deuxième Série. (Trübner & Co.)

STRICTLY speaking, as reprints, this selection of *opuscules* hardly comes within our scope of review. A generation, however, has passed away since they were written, and it may be said that there is not one article in the collection which is void of interest for the new generation that has succeeded, or for that which is beginning to assert its probable succession. There is wit in them all, in none more than in 'Simon Stevin et M. Dumortier,' in which the latter individual, one of the illustrious obscure, is keenly satirized for his idea of great men, which idea makes M. Dumortier cousin German to Dogberry. Stevin may have been a great philosopher, a great discoverer, and may have first determined the precise amount of pressure of liquid on the sides within which it is contained. M. Dumortier saw none of the importance of this last fact. He snapped his fingers at it, and avowed that Charlemagne and men of like quality were his "great men." In an article on the Marquis de Sy and M. Pouper, the interest of the reader is excited by the story of two men who, at different periods, published translations of Horace's 'Art of Poetry' that were found to be nearly word for word identical, and so poor that, perhaps, it was hardly worth the trouble to inquire which was the true man and which was the thief. Some old phases in the history of Belgium and Holland present themselves in succeeding chapters; but they will be new to many readers, and should be read by all who care about a question which is no more settled than the French Revolution of 1789 is terminated. For merely thoughtful readers, there is a graceful essay on Duty, which brings the volume to a close. The conclusion is, that a man's duty and his interest are inseparable. Duty is (or at least should be) his principle of action, and his interest is the consequence. We doubt whether this sentiment will reach the breasts of those "men on 'Change'" who boast that the ground is daily strewn with bank-notes and sovereigns, which may be picked up by those who know how to stoop and are not afraid to grasp.

In the next work we pass from politics to the young ladies of Guernsey.

Causeries Guernesaises. Par Paul Stapfer. Édition accompagnée de dix Lettres en Anglais sur des Sujets Littéraires. (Guernsey, Le Lièvre; Paris, St.-Jorre.)

THE Guernsey gatherings of young ladies, and occasionally of ladies and gentlemen, to whom these pleasant discourses, or "gossipings," were delivered may be congratulated on their good luck. M. Stapfer—a professor at the time in the Elizabeth College—showed himself original as well as capable, daring as well as considerate, and full of a good humour which must have made all his illustrations of literature, religion, and history as agreeable to listen to as they are to read. He has many an opinion which will find no echo, but the opinion itself is always well expressed. The most amusing part of the volume is that in which he gives an account of the excitement raised by one of his lectures (here printed) wherein he had lightly censured the Guernsey fair sex for a want of certain literary knowledge or tastes. If he had accused them of a lack of that grace, wanting which

woman is altogether graceless, he could not have been the cause of greater agitation. The amusement in the story is heightened by the fact that some of the Guernsey ladies proved that the professor was wrong. On another occasion, the lecturer seems to have disturbed the elements by his excess of frankness. He was, we take it, a good deal like the optimist who told the hunchback that he was perfect in conformation—for a hunchback!

Finally, we come to Italy, and loftier themes. *Essai sur l'Histoire de la Philosophie en Italie au dix-neuvième Siècle.* Par Louis Ferri. 2 vols. (Paris, Durand; London, Nutt.)

WHOEVER said "show me a great fiddler and you show me a great fool" uttered a very silly thing. It does not follow that because people are musical they are therefore mindless. On the other hand, it must be admitted that, generally speaking, a tenor singer does—perhaps he cannot help it—look very like an ass. Italy has, doubtless, produced vocalists and violinists of first-rate talent: Germany, too, acknowledges for sons many an accomplished singer, and a crowd of almost inspired pianists. With all this, both countries have reason to be proud of their philosophers, and of the way in which philosophy has been cherished, protected, and furthered by them. Italy has, certainly, one good answer to the reproach above alluded to. Vincent Galilei was one of the most distinguished musicians of Florence. His invention of recitative did not obstruct the greatness of his philosophical son, Galileo. Galileo had an ear for his sire's fiddling and singing, while he pursued that chain of discoveries which culminated in his conviction of the truth of the Copernican system. To be the father of one of the greatest philosophers that ever lived is no small boast for a fiddler. It should of itself make the old reproach obsolete for ever.

In Italy, if the birds are becoming songless, the sweet voice of Philosophy is not extinct in the groves. M. Ferri's History of Philosophy in Italy, in the present century, is a history of Italy's philosophers as well as of the wisdom they love and teach. It is, of course, a grave, but it is not a dry book. The groundwork of what M. Ferri has written was a report on the subject made for the enlightenment of the French government, but of course largely developed. The author has worked as much in the interest of the study of the general progress of thought in Europe as in that of the knowledge of intellectual development in the Italian peninsula. The author recognizes in the latter locality the theatre of a true philosophical movement during the second quarter of the present century; a movement which, he thinks, helped it to reconquer its independence and unity. Of course, this philosophical movement is in some degree akin to what we call Free Inquiry,—a system which is as old as the Apostles themselves, and which they followed without being rebuked. The author, touching all systems, is most concerned with the school of Rosmini. "His persevering efforts to demonstrate and defend the objectivity of ideal truth, the distinction between soul and body, human liberty, and divine foresight, distinguish his temperate idealism from other forms of it, and connect his researches with the theistic and spiritualistic schools, and with the profoundest instincts of humanity." Orthodox Italian churchmen are not afraid to *inquire*. The Thomists at Rome, wrapped in the winding-sheet of the *scollastique*, are described as the only persons remaining mute and motionless in the general agitation of thought in behalf of truth. "Obstinate defenders of theocracy and the old rules, they continue their implacable but henceforward

impotent war against liberty and progress." This is the key-note of the author, who catches the torch from the failing hand of M. Saisset, whose remarkable words were:—"In our days, there are three grand rallying places of philosophy in Europe. I trust that before the century closes there will be a fourth in Italy, and perhaps a fifth in Spain." Remarkable words, certainly. In the kingdom of Italy a philosopher is no longer an enemy of Heaven; and in Spain, the voices of statesmen are bidding philosophy welcome to a home, as yet foul with the stench of Autos-da-Fé and other judicial murders. The most lucrative philosophy for Spain to begin to follow is honesty. As soon as she pays her bondholders we shall have trust in her progress in virtue and all other excellent things.

The Substitution of Similars, the True Principle of Reasoning, derived from a Modification of Aristotle's Dictum. By W. Stanley Jevons, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.)

In this small work—or tract, as Prof. Jevons calls it—a method of simplifying logic is explained and exemplified. Adopting Mr. Mill's principle, that in reasoning we proceed from particular instances directly to similar particular instances, borrowing from Sir W. Hamilton the quantification of the predicate, and carrying out with some modifications Dr. Boole's idea of reducing logical processes to the form of mathematical operations, Prof. Jevons, thinks he can dispense with the cumbersome technicalities of the Aristotelian system, and yet attain to a much wider range of results. According to that system, the subject of an affirmative proposition is declared to be included in or to form a part of the predicate. Prof. Jevons is not satisfied with so indefinite an assertion, but states explicitly what Sir W. Hamilton contended is always thought implicitly, and limits the predicate so as to make it commensurate with the subject, and in fact so far identical with it that what is true of one holds good of the other, and the one may be taken as the representative of or substitute for the other. Hence he expresses propositions in the form of equations, and deals with them to some extent as if they were algebraical equations. In such a proposition as "All metals are elements," it is asserted that all the metals are included in or form part of the elements, i. e. that part of the elements are identical with all metals, so that what is true of all metals is true of a certain indefinite part of the elements. "If we are asked," says Prof. Jevons, "to define more exactly what part of the elements we are speaking of, we can only answer *Those which are metals*." Some idea of his method may be obtained from the following example:—

"We may now proceed to consider the ordinary proposition of the form

$$A = AB,$$

which asserts the identity of the class A with a particular part of the class B, namely, the part which has the properties of A. It may seem when stated in this way to be a truism, but it is not, because it really states in the form of an identity the inclusion of A in a wider class B. Aristotle happened to treat it in the latter aspect only, and the extreme incompleteness of his syllogistic system is due to this circumstance. It is only by treating the proposition as an identity that its relation to the other forms of reasoning becomes apparent. One of the simplest and by far the most common form of argument in which the proposition of the above form occurs is the mood of the syllogism known by the name *Barbara*. As an example, we may take the following:—

- (1) *Iron is a metal,*
- (2) *A metal is an element, therefore*
- (3) *Iron is an element.*

The propositions thus expressed in the ordinary manner become, in a strictly logical form,—

- (1) *Iron = metallic iron,*
- (2) *Metal = elementary metal.*

Now for *metal* or *metallic* in (1) we may substitute its equivalent in (2), and we obtain

- (3) *Iron = elementary, metal ;*

which in the elliptical expression of ordinary conversation becomes *Iron is an element*, or *Iron is some kind of element*, the words *an* or *some kind* being indefinite substitutes for a more exact description. The form of this mode of inference must be stated in symbols, on account of its great importance. If we take

- A = iron,
- B = metal,
- C = element,

the premises are obviously,

- (1) A = AB,
- (2) B = BC,

and substituting for B in (1) its description in (2), we have the conclusion

$$A = ABC,$$

which is the symbolic expression of (3)."

When Prof. Jevons applies his method to more complicated cases, it becomes, as he himself allows, "long and tedious." To obviate this, he has invented what he terms a logical abacus, of which he gives a delineation and description, and has even contrived an apparatus for working it with accuracy and ease, which he says "may be considered a *machine capable of reasoning*." Objections are often made to the rules of Aristotelian logic as being too mechanical: what then is to be said of this? To many it will appear a complete *reductio ad absurdum*. Prof. Jevons admits he has not fully worked out his system in detail, and acknowledges the difficulty of showing that all the forms of the old logic and the fundamental rules of reasoning are capable of explanation upon his principle, which he enunciates as "the similar treatment of similars." Until he has more completely overcome this difficulty, he must not expect to supersede Aristotle, or get rid of the diversity of views by which, as he says, modern logic is encumbered.

We object to Mr. Jevons's phrase, substitution of *similars*. He allows us this word instead of *equals*, if we like the first better. We like neither: the true word is *identicals*.

Popular Russian Legends, in a Form adapted for Children. By a Moscovian. (Moscow, Salaieff Brothers.)

This work is a valuable contribution to the general as well as the juvenile literature of Russia, and tempts us once more to regret that the picturesque myths of Muscovite tradition are scarcely known beyond the bounds of the land that gave them birth. In truth, the unfamiliar language and imperfect civilization of the Slavonic races, which have given rise to so erroneous an estimate of their actual political strength, are not less unkind to them in the world of letters. The very names of the Magyar poets are unknown to Western Europe. Polish learning has fallen with Polish domination. The great names of Russian literature,—the rolling declamation or sparkling satire of Pushkin,—the stirring songs of Lermontoff,—the grand historical tapestry, not less splendid because unfinished, into which Karamzin wove the scattered threads of his country's annals,—the wonderful play of light and shade exhibited by the fancy of Gogol,—the marvellous allegories of Kriloff, and the trenchant sarcasm of Turgenieff,—are known only to a select few, and regarded even by them in much the same light as the works of a poet-laureate of Timbuctoo or of a professor at the University of Bokhara. And, as a natural consequence, the treasures of Slavonic tradition—which, deeply interesting

in themselves, are doubly so from their occasional striking coincidence with those of other European nations—still remain unknown.

And yet such neglect is very far from being merited. Rich stores of thought and priceless gems of poetry lie hidden amid these voiceless solitudes, awaiting the bold explorer who shall venture in search of them. Russia in particular, from the romantic character of her early history and the boundless variety of national type displayed by her motley population, seems naturally formed for a treasury of legendary lore. In her traditions we observe every gradation of primitive thought, from the grisly demonology of the half-brutal Tartar up to those graceful superstitions of which the incomparable Gogol (who was to Russian folk-lore what Peter the Great was to Russian civilization) made such magnificent use. The earlier myths, such as those of Bova Korolevitch and Nikita the Invincible, give us merely a rude picture of exaggerated brute force and courage, of hosts turned to flight by the prowess of a single warrior, of nations crouching beneath the fiat of one all-powerful chief. The legends which group themselves around the mighty figure of Vladimir (the real Christianizer of Russia, for the religious movement headed by Olga was a premature and imperfect one) and around his "five men of might" are more vivid in colouring as well as more poetical in character. Into these the supernatural element enters more sparingly and with greater judgment; while the careless good humour and almost boyish vivacity of the famous warriors, the racy simplicity of their language and the graphic little touches of every-day life which appear at intervals, lend a marvellous vigour and piquancy to the whole narrative. Vladimir is, in fact, the Russian Charlemagne, his reign constituting the heroic age of Muscovite tradition; and the myths which relate the exploits of his five champions, and more especially those of their great leader, Ilia Murometz, are little less numerous, and not a whit less entertaining, than the cycle of legend embracing the famous "Twelve Peers" who surrounded the Carolingian emperor. As these tales, in one form or another, enter largely into the education of almost every Russian child, such an adaptation of them as the one before us is especially desirable; and the hearty thanks of the Russian public are due to the unknown "Moscovian" for his or her very reasonable labours.

The first story in the present collection ("The Far-seeing Oleg") celebrates the exploits of the second and most distinguished of the Pagan sovereigns of Russia, whose victories over the Byzantine Greeks are still commemorated in many a rude national song, and the story of whose death forms the subject of one of the finest of Pushkin's minor poems. This legend is the only specimen in the work before us of the rude primitive myths above mentioned, and remarkable as almost the only one of those myths which ascribes to its hero an intellectual rather than a physical pre-eminence. All the triumphs of Oleg, from first to last, are won not by personal prowess, but by that superior craft which earns him his title of "the far-seeing." At the outset, indeed, he appears in true barbaric guise, crying out, while yet an infant in the cradle, "in a voice like the roll of thunder,"

Now clothe me not, my mother, in robe of velvet fold,
And deck not mine apparel with silver or with gold,
And let no silken girdle around my waist be tied,
And place not on my forehead the bonnet richly dyed.

Clothe me with rings of iron and plates of hardest steel,
And let my golden tresses the cramping helmet feel,
And set the mace destroying within my strong right hand,
And in my wrath relentless I'll march throughout the land.

But after a time we find him waxing less boisterous, "learning many secrets, and setting

himself to study strong magic"—remarkably strong, we should say, to judge by the effects which it produces. His first experiment in this line is the taking of vast quantities of game and fish for the benefit of his less dextrous followers, by assuming successively the shape of a lion, a hawk, and a pike; but he speedily begins to exercise his power on a larger scale. Doubting the good faith of the Greek Emperor, he flies to Constantinople in the form of a raven, and, concealing himself behind the tapestry, overhears the Emperor announcing to his consort his intention of invading Russia. The lady ventures to question the prudence of this scheme, and is silenced by an argument which all ages have alike considered unanswerable. "Then rose up the Emperor in wrath, and smote her on the right cheek, and then again on the left, and threw her upon the floor, and then lifted her and flung her on a heap of bricks (!), bruising her sorely"—a sample of mediæval gallantry which tallies perfectly with many historical anecdotes of far greater authenticity. Being thus forewarned of the intended invasion, Oleg takes measures to prevent it. In the shape of a mouse, he gnaws asunder the bow-strings and the shield-thongs; as a grey wolf he spreads havoc throughout the imperial stable; then, resuming his own form, "he brake the deadly arrows, and bent the barrels of the long guns, and marred all the powder that was in the casks." Then, flying back to Kiev, he assembles his host, falls suddenly upon the disarmed Greeks, and routs them utterly, "so that a sharp sabre was sold for five roubles, a long gun for six, and a good horse for seven." This is evidently a poetical version of Oleg's successful expedition against Constantinople, on one of the gates of which he fixed his shield, as a sign of conquest; but the mention of "powder" places the date of the poem at least as late as the fourteenth century, and in all probability much later, the use of gunpowder having been unknown in Russia for a considerable time subsequent to its discovery in 1300. The close of the story leaves Oleg in the fullness of his triumph, without any reference to his subsequent tragical end.

The legend of Ilia Murometz, which comes next in the series, is a universal favourite in Russia, and has furnished material for numerous native commentators, who have deduced from it a host of allegorical meanings of very varied character. Ilia is the son of the "starosta," or bailiff, of the village of Karacharovo, and, having been born a cripple, has lain helpless for thirty years, stirring neither hand nor foot. One day, while sitting at the door of his father's cottage, he is accosted by three beggars (identified, in the oldest versions of the story, with Our Lord and the apostles Peter and Paul), who bid him rise and give them drink. The crippled hero, feeling himself suddenly inspired with preternatural strength, brings up with ease the largest cask in the cellar, and lays it at their feet; whereupon his guests, pronouncing such strength too great for a mere man, diminish it by one-half, and depart. (The resemblance of this part of the story to the healing of the cripple at the Temple gate by the apostles Peter and John (Acts iii.), though fortuitous, is sufficiently remarkable.) Ilia arms himself for a journey to Kiev, in order to join the army of Vladimir; and on the way thither performs various feats of arms, such as routing singly an entire pagan host, and frightening a band of robbers into submission by sending his arrow through the thickest oak in the forest. His crowning exploit is the overthrow of the Nightingale Brigand, a famous robber, gifted with the power of whistling, hissing, and roaring all in one breath, and whose ravages had

laid waste the whole district for thirty years past. Ilia carries him prisoner to Kiev, and is rewarded with a seat at the royal table, and the leadership of the valiant brotherhood with which his name is thenceforth indissolubly connected. Some interpret this legend into an allegorical representation of the struggle of human labour against the destroying powers of Nature, the diseases which haunt the uncleared forest-land being personified in the lurking robbers, scared away by the striking down of the trees which sheltered them, and the whistling, roaring hurricane in the many-voiced Brigand. Others attribute to it a religious rather than a material significance, as typifying the strengthening of human weakness by the power of Divine grace; but its real meaning is still, and probably always will be, a *rezata questio*.

The remaining stories recount the exploits of the four minor paladins, Kolivan Ivanovitch, Samson Vasilievitch, Dobrynya Nikititch, and Alexey Popovitch—exploits consisting chiefly of daring expeditions against the unbelievers of the south, or of desperate single combats with Pagan giants and ferocious robbers. Spirited as the narrative invariably is, its interest is immeasurably enhanced by the constant manifestation in these primeval champions, of the very qualities which characterize the ordinary Russian of the present day. The rough good-nature and frank hospitality of the Mujik, his ever-ready native cunning, and unending flow of quaint metaphorical "chaff," appear in every feature on the dusty canvas of these strange old traditional paintings. The answer of Alexey Popovitch to the Tartar braggart, "Boast not when going to the feast, but rather when coming from it!" (a close imitation, by the by, of Ahab's reply to the threat of Benhadad) is intensely national; and so, too, is the still more galling apologue with which Ilia Murometz silences his Pagan adversary when vaunting his powers of gormandizing: "My father had a cow that ate and drank a great deal, and the end was—she burst!" an allegory sufficiently pointed to goad the "big heathen" into instant battle. It must be confessed that the kings and heroes of the "brave days of old" wasted very little time in politeness, to judge by the scene in which Ilia Murometz announces to Prince Vladimir the capture of the Nightingale Brigand; when the monarch, doubting the possibility of such a feat, tells Ilia that he must be drunk, and the latter, not to be behindhand in this race of compliments, coolly calls his Majesty a fool, and bids him "go and see for himself!"

Equally Russian, though not without a parallel in Western literature, is the stratagem by which Alexey Popovitch overcomes Tugarin the Tartar. "When they were met to fight, then cried Alexey, 'Ha, Tugarin, thou wert for fighting me man to man, and lo! behind thee stand champions without number, all against me, Alexey Popovitch!' Tugarin turned his head to look—thereupon Alexey sprang upon him, and cut his head off." Curiously enough, precisely the same story is told of an English traveller in the old days of highway robbery, who, being stopped on the road, replied to his assailant, "If you were alone, I would make a fight of it, but as there are two of you, I suppose I must give in." The highwayman, knowing himself to be alone, looked round in astonishment, and was instantly shot dead by his crafty adversary.

We cannot help thinking that the present work, entertaining as it is, would have been greatly improved by a few illustrations, for which the stirring events described would have furnished abundant material. Engravings are

always an important element in any book intended for children, who, whether they read it or not, will always "look over the pictures" with thorough enjoyment, as fresh and undiminished the twentieth time as the first. However, even without the aid of illustration, these old stories in a new form are well worth reading, and will doubtless be appreciated as they deserve by the little folks of Moscow and St. Petersburg.

NEW POETRY.

Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical. By Edward Ledwich Mitford. (Provost & Co.)

A little invention, a good and copious vocabulary, and a hearty appreciation of the masterpieces of human effort, fit Mr. Mitford, so far as such things can, for the task of writing poetry. But other and more indispensable gifts are wanting. He shows neither dramatic nor lyrical power, and has not even the knack of measuring his verses into equal lengths. Not only are his lines, accordingly, wanting in music, they are so uneven they give the reader a feeling like that of riding on a rough road in a cart without springs. 'Prince Edward,' the first of the contents of the volume, is an historical play in four acts. Its story has moderate interest, but is clumsily narrated. The characters hold long and tedious conversations at the moment when their action should be quickest. They explain their motives and record their observations in most prolix style. What little power the work exhibits is purely narrative. In method and manner Mr. Mitford has followed the historical plays of Shakspeare. 'Love and Hate' is a rhapsody, written in imitation of 'Paradise Lost.' It has a certain underlying element of strength, but is extravagant to the point of burlesque. Principal among the *dramatis personæ* are Chryses, Christian Prince of Antioch, Sylviola, the Wood Spirit, Satan, and Azrael, the Angel of Death. Satan's description of his fall is a remarkable piece of inflated writing, in which the repetition, so impressive in the Hebrew poet, is used until it becomes wearisome. A few lines will show the nature of this poem, and the calibre of Mr. Mitford's verse:—

Day after day I fell;
And each moment held a maddening horror
Summ'd up,—in a long age of suffering
But worse—worse came! when shuddering I clove
With skin exacerbate and breathless lung,
All agoniz'd, the burning lake of Hell!
My shiv'ring form piercing the liquid fire,
Deep, deep, to its unfathomable depths,
So deep, that years seem'd to have pass'd and gone,
Ere my oppress'd and suffocate frame
Regain'd the upper air. Can words describe
What agonies unspeakable I bore
In that incandescent abyss? My brain
Seeth'd in my charred skull; boiling marrow
Scalded my aching bones; my vitals rent'd
With fervent flame; my whole of wretched being
With magnified capacity for pain,
All burning with intolerable fire,
Yet undestroyed,
'Twas then the glorious panoply of wings
That shone around me—innocent—was lost,
And burnt up in that ocean of fierce fire,
Scorch'd to the bone and sinew: yet too soon
Replaced by these filthy batty vane,
That wrap me coldly round, and darkly serve
To waft me through the regions of the damn'd.

Some of the stage directions are marvellous. Here is one: "A crash of thunder: the lightning falls and hurls him from his throne; and the scene closes amid awful reverberations, mingled with the terrific shrieks of the legions of fiends dying away into silence." The shorter poems are tame and commonplace.

Belinda; or, the Waif of Love. (Pitman.)

It is difficult to imagine to what class of readers 'Belinda' is addressed. It is a silly description in doggerel of a misunderstanding between husband and wife. The first two lines

of the poem give a fair sample of the writer's deficiencies—

Hail! gentle woman, gem of wedded life!
Man owns thy power when he takes a wife.

What the author lacks in style, however, he has endeavoured to make up for by vulgarity. That he has not had the boldness to put his name on the title-page, is the only mark of good sense to be found in his book.

Palm Leaves. A Translation from the German of Paul Gerok. By J. E. A. Brown. (Strahan & Co.)

WE owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Brown for having given those of us who do not know German an opportunity of reading his English rendering of Paul Gerok's poems. The book before us is aptly called 'Palm Leaves,' and under the shade of their cluster we may enjoy sweet moments of meditation with the author while reading the thoughts suggested by the 'Holy Words' and 'Holy Times' of the Bible, or while contemplating with him its 'Holy Mountains' and 'Holy Waters,' and the scenes of which they have been the silent witnesses.

NEW NOVELS.

Sir Thomas Branston. By William Gilbert. (Hurst & Blackett.)

WHEN we last met with Mr. Gilbert, on the publication of his 'Lucrezia Borgia,' we had occasion to treat him with some severity. This time we have a much pleasanter duty. We may begin by thanking him for an extremely interesting novel,—one that is not without faults, indeed, nor incapable of great improvement, but still readable, and engrossing during almost the whole of its course. It falls off towards the end in a way which makes us suspect that Mr. Gilbert has either lost the thread, or has found some difficulty in carrying out his first intentions. Nor does he quite satisfy us with the reason given for the sudden change in the heroine's nature. That change is too complete, and much that follows it is too much at variance with what had gone before to be left with such a slender explanation. Mr. Gilbert would have us believe that an attack of typhus fever, which was certainly severe enough to bring his heroine to the very brink of the grave, could entirely expunge the soul which was in her,—could transform her at a stroke from a loving, devoted, grateful, exemplary girl into a heartless fiend, caring for no one and for nothing save her own comfort, living a life of dissimulation, capable of every crime, and even taking a gratuitous delight in poisoning her own children. We confess that this is too much for us. A couple of hints thrown out by Mr. Gilbert had led us to suppose that revenge for the murder of her father was at the bottom of the heroine's actions. But this motive is abandoned. It is true that the effect of all the latter part of the story is to visit the murder of the heroine's father on the man whom she marries. Yet as it never appears that she knew her true parentage, or that she had any definite object in tormenting her husband, we are to suppose that while she seemed to be labouring under the results of a terrible illness she was really an instrument in the hands of Fate. This solution is almost more unsatisfactory than the other.

The baronet who gives his name to the story is the husband who is thus tormented. We hear of his crime in the first chapter. Good Mrs. Watson is going up to London to see her daughter, and the man who drives her to the station tells her of the cruelty shown by Sir Thomas, when he was captain of an East India-man, to a poor sailor named Lucking. After

this sailor had been forced to work when he was ill, rope's-ended if he could not do his work, and flogged as a crowning satisfaction to his superiors, he fell overboard one day, and the captain let him drown within a short distance of the ship, not making the least effort to save him. "Downright murder," exclaims Mrs. Watson; and the reader will agree with her. However, we do not think much more about poor Lucking's history when Mrs. Watson, on her way to her daughter's house, picks up a poor girl in the streets, takes her home and provides for her. This girl is named Minnie Gubbins: she has been cast adrift by her father on her mother's death, knows nothing about religion, has not been educated in any way, but has never stolen. Minnie turns out a sharp, quick girl, loves Mrs. Watson with all her heart, and serves her faithfully. Then comes the typhus fever. Minnie rises from her sick bed caring for nothing; she has lost all gratitude to Mrs. Watson, and soon after she runs away with a disreputable companion. Sir Thomas Branston in the meanwhile has become a widower; and some time after this he is very much struck by the beauty of a lady's-maid at a friend's house, in whom we recognize Minnie. Minnie had seen Sir Thomas Branston once before, and the first time she set eyes on him she grew pale as marble, her hand trembled violently, and after struggling convulsively she burst into a violent flood of tears. This was before the attack of typhus. The second time she sees him an expression sweeps over her face like lightning. Quick as that is, however, it is outstripped by the rapidity with which love springs up in his breast. In a very short time Minnie quits service, is married to Sir Thomas Branston, and goes to live in Paris. Two children are born to them, but the elder child has strange attacks of illness, and is taken away from home for a time to be boarded in the country, while the younger child dies of a somewhat similar attack. It is after this that the Baronet, coming in suddenly, finds his wife on the point of pouring laudanum down the throat of the elder child, and that her whole character is revealed to him. They part; and the remainder of her history is taken up with shifts and starts and ever-growing degradation. Inquiries made by Sir Thomas lead to the discovery that Minnie was the daughter of the sailor Lucking, and the baronet is so terribly affected by the thought that his marriage has been the result of some "occult influence," and that the murder of one of his children by its mother has been part of his punishment, as to lose all health and strength, to languish miserably for a time, and to die leaving his most cherished wish unfulfilled.

This brief sketch of Mr. Gilbert's plot does not do justice to the multiplicity of detail into which he enters. He works out every branch so fully, and describes all his characters with such minuteness, as to make the task of analysis rather difficult. There is a matter-of-fact tone about the whole story which contrasts strongly with the general style of modern novelists. We have not only the relations between Minnie and Mrs. Watson brought fully before us, but we have the history of Mrs. Watson's courtship by the parish clerk, who drives her to the station when she is going to London to see her daughter, and, on the way to her daughter's house, to pick up Minnie. Again, while Minnie is living with Mrs. Watson, both the vicar of the parish and the parish doctor are let into the secret, the incomplete secret, of Minnie's parentage, and are bound over to keep it a mystery. If the fact that Minnie was picked up by Mrs. Watson, after being turned out of house and home by her own father, had any direct bearing on the central action, we could

understand this stress being laid upon it. But after all something very different comes to be the true hinge of the plot. Mr. Gilbert's treatment of such immaterial details gives his novels an air of fidelity, but is apt to mar the leading interest, and to sacrifice the due relation of parts to the whole. We question, too, if it does not lead him into occasional oversight. In this story he has not explained Minnie's emotion when she first saw Sir Thomas Branston, or the rapid glance which flitted across her face on their second meeting. We do not know if all this is to be attributed to fate, or to that "occult influence" which had such an effect on the baronet. Yet if this were so, we should not have expected to meet with any such symptoms before the fatal attack of typhus fever which produced the change in Minnie's nature. With regard to the change, too, there is one feature in it which strikes us as peculiarly unsatisfactory. Mr. Gilbert has been so careful in depicting the gradual growth of his heroine from a wild street girl, ignorant of all that is good and useful, swearing and talking slang by nature, into a faithful, devoted servant of Mrs. Watson's and assistant in her school, that we are surprised to find the sudden change, which in time brings about a relapse, is in itself a development. Towards the end of the story Minnie is again thrown on the streets, again she swears and talks slang as she did in her childhood, though she has lost the honesty which impressed Mrs. Watson so favourably. But after she has run away from Mrs. Watson's and has been living a wild gipsy life for a little time, she rises all at once into a perfect lady. She cannot speak French, indeed, or dance, but she writes a beautiful hand, she has abundance of taste, she commits no faults in manners; and though at times she drinks to excess, she is able to conceal it from her husband. Mr. Gilbert does not make too much of Sir Thomas Branston's infatuation, but he does of the blindness which attends it.

With the discovery that Minnie was married before she met Sir Thomas, the real interest of the story begins to languish. We then enter upon a new phase in which we have little concern; and though one scene after this has considerable power, we do not care to trace Minnie's career to its natural ending. A radical fault and an unsatisfactory conclusion detract from the merits of Mr. Gilbert's novel; but if our readers can excuse these two failings, they will find much to interest them in 'Sir Thomas Branston.'

Véronique: a Romance. By Florence Marryat (Mrs. Ross Church). 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Mrs. Church, like some other distinguished individuals in the literary world, has a bone to pick with that reckless class of men which has been styled a chorus of indolent reviewers. The Preface of 'Véronique,' addressed "to the novel-reading public," is terribly hard upon "what, in this age, we term criticism"; and the public, the "true critics," are constituted by Mrs. Church her final judges of appeal—"the only critics whose opinions make or mar"! No doubt a calm reliance on the verdict of the open world is reasonable enough in a general way, and the professional reviewer, a fallible man (or woman) like the author, may mistake the course of public opinion, just as the author herself may fail to hit the inner mark or bull's-eye of the public taste. But it is rather amusing to see the fair author erecting herself in virtuous indignation, and vowing that she will not flourish "by pandering to a false taste for falser art"! To what false taste and what falser art does she allude? We can only seek an answer in the context. "He" (the true crafts-

man) "has no right, in fact, to deny the instinct which is in him, and will make itself heard;" and the reprobated denial of instinct consists in painting "life one clasp of marriage bells."

We should like to see the critic of the present day who advised a novelist to paint life as a "clash of marriage bells." He would be an interesting person to know; and the editor who employed him would be more than interesting—he would be a startling specimen of nature's eccentricities, worthy to be caught in a net, and impaled and ticketed in a collection of the most uncommon and sleepy-looking moths. The time has gone by, for the present, at any rate, when one happy marriage can be accepted as the necessary and sufficient climax of a novel (we suppose that is what Mrs. Church means); but the critics, squeamish, absurd people, will sometimes object to a double climax, which gives two living bridegrooms to one bride, or two living brides to one bridegroom. The latter is the particular form of matrimonial bliss selected by the author of 'Véronique,'—at least it is so in effect, though somewhat disguised by the first marriage appearing to have been illegally contracted. We might, perhaps, forgive an indelicacy so modestly veiled but for the concluding scene of the book (the tale carried out "to its legitimate conclusion"), where the first wife, an innocent and lovely creature, of no connexions in particular, ingeniously contrives to remain on board a sinking ship, in order to clasp, in the moment of death, the hand of her vile betrayer, while the second wife, a disagreeable person of rank, escapes in the boats. It is impossible to believe that such a scene could be pleasant to any reader, unless worked up to a melancholy grandeur by poetic or dramatic art. But Mrs. Church, with a curious mixture of pride and simplicity, aspires openly to the honours of a "sensation" novelist, without possessing the qualifications by which the perishable laurels of sensation novelists are earned. If we wished to deal with her seriously and severely, we should pronounce her to be an apologist of the basest falsehood of man towards woman, so long as the woman is beautiful and excellent (good reason, indeed, for deceiving her by a pretended marriage, and then casting her off!) and the man, however stupid and unamiable, distinguished by handsome eyes and a fashionable contempt for everything under the sun. But it is probable that the author does not really mean all this, and that the clue to her apparent admiration for a contemptible hero is the dangerous notion (see vol. iii. p. 287) that there are some persons so perversely constituted as to require the reaction of repentance consequent on a great crime before they can ever become decent members of society. It is painful to think what will happen if the author extends her views in this respect to her own sex, including the class of female domestic servants. If her practice is at all consistent with her theory, we shall hear some day that the under-nursemaid Polly, after smothering the baby, pawning the silver papoose, and wearing her mistress's best bonnet, has undergone an impressive conversion, and been transformed into Mrs. Maria, the much-trusted commander-in-chief of Mrs. Ross Church's nursery establishment.

Agnes Wentworth. By E. Foxton. (Trübner & Co.)

A pleasant little story, simple and pure, with no affectation and free from sensationalism. The heroine, a little girl of thirteen at the opening of the story, comes into contact with a young artist, a friend of her brother, the lover of her sister, a fashionable New York belle, whilst he is taken ill at her father's house. The elder

sister rejects the artist, who departs for Italy to study, and after a stay of some years returns to find his countrymen engaged in a civil war. His former friend, Walter Wentworth, has been killed, and Agnes has grown into a woman. A love-scene occurs between the artist and the heroine, after which the former exchanges his brush for a sword, and joins the army on the Potomac. Here he is dangerously wounded, whereupon Agnes immediately starts from Boston, finds the hospital in which he is lying, and nurses him until he is well. In some places the interest in the story drags, from the length of the dialogue; in fact, the chief fault lies in there being too much talk and too little action. In other respects the book is readable enough, and gives promise of better things.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The New Bankruptcy Act, 1869, together with the Act for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt. A Handy-Book of the Provisions of the above Act. By T. T. Weightman. (Routledge & Sons.)

WITH the exception of a few remarks of Mr. Weightman's own, and of an arrangement which is more systematic than that of the Acts in question, the reader will not find much in this book to make him prefer Messrs. Routledge to the Queen's Printers. By a Legal Handy-Book we understand a clear and simple sketch which ordinary minds will be able to appreciate. The first requirement of such a sketch is that it should be couched in the writer's own language. Mr. Weightman has unfortunately confined himself almost exclusively to the words of the Act of Parliament. When he does not actually quote he uses legal phrases, and he seems to assume that all his readers will be as familiar with law terms as his own professional training has made him. Thus he talks vaguely of "grant fraudulent under the statutes of Elizabeth," as if every mercantile man had the Acts passed during that reign at his fingers' ends. He says too that an unpaid balance at the end of three years is "to take the form of a judgment-debt, and to be similarly enforced." How is a judgment-debt enforced? would be the natural question put by a layman. Again, we are told that the definition of debts provable in bankruptcy does not include "demands in the nature of unliquidated damages arising otherwise than by reason of a contract or promise." This is, no doubt, very clear to lawyers, but it will hardly convey much knowledge to the general public. We do not think Mr. Weightman could have been expected to give an intelligible view of the section as to goods "within the order or disposition of the bankrupt," as those words have puzzled generations of judges. But his allusion to the controversy that has arisen out of Bills of Sale is too cursory. It is true that the completeness with which the Acts themselves are given has made it impossible for Mr. Weightman to add much fresh matter without unduly increasing the size of his volume, and so far he has a good excuse for any shortcomings.

The Theory of Navigation and Nautical Astronomy, together with the Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry. By W. S. Read, M.A. (Bell & Daldy.)

THE author, head master on board the Worcester, handles his subject like a practised teacher. Some of our readers are not aware that navigation is all mathematics; the sails and rigging, and all their management, belong to seamanship.

Trilinear Co-ordinates; and other Methods of Modern Analytical Geometry of two Dimensions. By the Rev. W. Allen Whitworth. (Bell & Daldy.)

Prof. Whitworth, of Queen's College, Liverpool, here appears as the writer of a sound work on a high form of algebraic geometry, which is a better character than that of a serious opponent of Mr. James Smith, the circle-squarer. Trilinear co-ordinates are the starting-points, and determinants the instruments.

Large Game Shooting in Thibet and the North-West. By Alexander A. A. Kinloch. Illustrated by Photographs. (Harrison.)

THE text of this book describes the shooting-grounds and game of North-west India; it is serviceable to shooters. Its illustrations consist of photographs, of moderately good quality, from stuffed heads of such wild creatures as it was the pleasure of the author to slay, if he did not eat them. Beyond details of amateur butchering with rifles, practised upon wild and timid creatures, there is not a particle of human interest in these pages. The author tells us, for example, "A black buck affords a beautiful target, the angles where the black and white join behind the shoulder, being the point to aim at." His text is composed of such statements, not of adventures and hearty sporting, but of declarations of how many "hits" he got with one rifle, how many animals perished before that redoubtable weapon, which seems to be the better half of Mr. Kinloch.

Sketch of Thermodynamics. By P. G. Tait, M.A. (Edinburgh, Edmonston & Douglas.)

THE thermodynamic theory is, that heat, or at least the active form evidenced by the thermometer, is motion, and can be treated by the laws of mechanics. Much advance has been made in explaining phenomena by this theory, and Prof. Tait has given an account of it which has no more of mathematics than the subject imperatively demands. Nevertheless, the calculus required, though not extensive in symbolic printing, will try the beginner's force, at least towards the end of the book. We recommend the treatise to all students of heat, as the only one devoted to its point, and the work of a very able writer.

Natural Philosophy, in Easy Lessons. By John Tyndall. (Cassell & Co.)

THE mechanism of solids, fluids and gases, with sound, heat and light. The explanations are clear and generally sound.

The Butterfly Chase. Translated from the French of J. P. Stahl. With 24 Illustrations by Lorenz Frolsch. (Seeley, Jackson & Halliday.)

THIS is a child's book, and amply illustrated with pretty, if not very elaborate, designs by a popular artist. It describes the adventures of a little pair who start in pursuit of butterflies. We disapprove of the practice of slaying butterflies, except for strictly scientific purposes; accordingly, we rejoice to observe that the "moral" of this text is "don't catch them." Hoping our young friends will read this text and profit by its implied counsel, we present it to them with assurances that they will enjoy its illustrations. The book is very tastefully got up.

Sketches of the Sea Side and the Country. By Phiz. (Ward, Lock & Tyler.)

THERE is nothing very novel or brilliant in this series of rough sketches, which illustrate certain acts and humours of holiday-seeking folks. The personages, male and female, young and old, who appear in these pages are essentially commonplace, if not dull. The drawings are cleverly prepared, but far inferior to those of John Leech, when working out the veins of character which supply subjects to the present draughtsman. Nevertheless, this publication will hardly fail to please a large class of persons for whom it was designed.

Letters Sent Home. France and the French. By William Morris. (Dean & Son.)

Mr. Morris, in this book, gives a very lively account of his travels in France, or rather to Paris and its neighbourhood, to which he went during the late Exhibition. This appears to have been his first visit to "foreign parts," and he describes what he saw and how he felt with a vivacity and good sense which make the little history one of the freshest and most readable of works in its order. The text is so thoroughly "English," and yet so free from insular prejudices, that we heartily commend it to all classes of readers. The writer's intelligence and spirit have enabled him to work in a fashion which, more than any like production, recalls to us an old-fashioned and vivid book of travels.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

Of the many signs that publishers regard the Children's season with growing disfavour, and are disposed to set aside the trade-usage which has for years caused them to regard the Christmas holidays as the appropriate time for the publication of works for the nursery and play-room, not the least remarkable is the imposing fleet of highly-ornamented craft which Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin have launched simultaneously on the wide waters of literature, to bear up against stiff gales of adverse judgment, or to sail onwards before a steady wind of critical approbation. Regarding the matter through the glasses of sentiment, we should not see without regret the termination of an arrangement which for a long period has covered our table with gaudy covers and bright pictures, and imparted a festive air to book-stalls on every approach of Christmas. But though it does well to make a profit out of life's poetry, commerce cannot be asked to subordinate its substantial interests to sentimental considerations. No one can deny to publishers the right to issue their products at whatever times seem most likely to further the main purpose of literary trade; and if the merchants, to whose enterprise we are indebted for this batch of clever volumes, have come to the conclusion that such books will sell more briskly in September and October than in December and January, they are clearly acting within the limits of their privileges when they put their judgment to the test of practice.

Were they books of any other kind we should be justified in questioning the prudence of the publishers who offer to the public so many new works on the same day, and in hinting that their procedure, if it were universally imitated by their competitors in trade, would speedily result in a ruinously-excessive supply of wares for which there was only a limited demand. But it is no easy thing to glut the children's book market, which can readily dispose of bulks of stock for which no other department of literary manufacture could find customers. Unlike books of graver sorts, and books no less trivial though produced for the amusement of less trivial readers, a tale for children is almost as freely bought as it is widely circulated. Through the operation of the circulating libraries, which chiefly concern themselves with the distribution of literature for adults, it happens that the actual sale of new books of the highest aim and character appears insignificant when compared against the number of their readers. Histories, biographies, books of travel, that succeed in making their producers widely and honourably known, not seldom fail to do more than cover the expenses of their production. Of the novel that has a hundred thousand readers within twelve months of its publication, less than a thousand copies may be sold. As a rule, no one buys a book of *belles lettres*, produced for grown-up readers, until its quality has been tested in the circulating libraries. But the case is otherwise with volumes manufactured for the diversion of children, which are usually bought for presentation, and only in a very insignificant proportion of cases are transmitted to their juvenile readers by institutions for lending books. Of acceptable gifts for children there are none so cheap, convenient and unobjectionable as play-books, that can be bought for a few shillings and conveyed by their purchasers without trouble, and that never fail to effect the chief ends for which presents are made to boys and girls. The universality and greatness of the demand for them may be inferred from their omnipresence on book-stalls and the counters of provincial booksellers. In these days, when every child of decent parentage is taught to read, and all children are encouraged to read such books as "the trade" provides for their diversion and edification, it is no exaggeration to say that for every child in fairly prosperous circumstances two play-books are annually purchased. Hence, if the reader will trouble himself to calculate the number of English-speaking children in the United Kingdom and its dependencies whose ways are remote from the abodes of indigence or straitened means, he may readily estimate for how many millions of such works there is an annual sale. Nor is the prodigiousness of the present demand the only

fact which renders the children's market an alluring field of operations to the enterprising publisher. No activity on the part of the producers for this market is ever likely to result in such an accumulation of printed material as would tend to diminish the remunerations of their industry. If boys and girls were no less careful keepers than they are greedy devourers of play-books, one could foresee a time when there would be no need to manufacture stories for them at the present rate. But, fortunately for the dealers in juvenile literature, children are such destructive users of books that the printed material, put together for their benefit, soon perishes under their hands. Now and then, a careful girl preserves her library of story-books on a shelf in her bed-room, and arrives at years of discretion with an almost perfect collection of all the volumes ever bestowed upon her. But such a saving damsel is so rare an instance of virtue that her conduct need not enter into a general view of the natures and ways of little people. The ordinary fate of a child's book,—presented, let us say, on Christmas Eve, by an affectionate aunt or gushing grandmother,—may be thus stated. For a month, it holds a high place in its possessor's esteem; for three months it endures a good deal of hard treatment at the hands and heels of its proprietor's brothers and sisters; at the end of its sixth month of life in a happy family, it is found with a broken back and labouring under divers maladies which require that it should be sent to the hospital for treatment by the family book-doctor, whose curative measures prove so disfiguring that it never regains its original position in social regard; whence it comes to pass that on the close of a year—or at most after a lapse of two years—it is consigned, together with other battered and dilapidated volumes, to the "give-away box," from which it sooner or later passes into the possession of the washerwoman's six children, or some other obscure and unrefined young persons, who are dependent for intellectual recreation on the munificence of "the young ladies and gentlemen," and who give the concluding strokes to its demolition. A manufacture, which the mischievous propensities of the young and the kindly affections of the adults of our prosperous class combine to sustain, is not likely to suffer from depression for any great length of time.

It is not often that the critic has to speak with unqualified disapproval of a book for the play-room; and of the several volumes sent to us by Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, there is not one that we are altogether unable to commend. *The Magic of Kindness; or, the Wondrous Story of the Good Huan*, by the Brothers Mayhew, with illustrations by Walter Crane, is in places so much above the comprehension of ordinary children, even in these days of premature learning, that some of them will probably rub their eyes in mingled dismay and curiosity on being assured that "feeling, physiologically regarded, is merely the necessary antecedent to action,—bodily movement being but the reflex result which is instinctively consequent upon the stimulus of some sensory nerve." But though the authors encumber their ingenious and very imaginative tale with much that will be scarcely intelligible to those whom they address, they are to be commended for the design and general treatment of the narrative, in which they show how kindness has in all ages been a grand force in the life of our race, having brought civilization to the savage, diffused Christianity in Pagan lands, liberated slaves from their fetters, and conquered the brutalizing passions of mankind.—Passing from sound philosophy to clever nonsense, we come to *King Gab's Story-Bag*, and *The Wonderful Stories it contained*, by the adroit writer whose *nom de plume* is "Heraclitus Greg," and whose most widely-known novel is 'In Vain!' Not born to the crown and sceptre, King Gab commences the battle of life in lowly circumstances, from which he raises himself to riches and royal degree by a fascinating power of speech that renders him popular wherever he goes. On his death-bed, the humorous and loquacious monarch assigns to his son Fibs the bag from which the stories of the present collection are taken.—Disdaining prose in his *Hours of Sunshine*, with illustrations by Oscar Pletsch, printed in colours, Mr. Matthias Barr gives us a goodly budget of

verses in the old familiar 'Bah! bah! black sheep!' style. The volume is not the strongest or most successful thing out; but it is well illustrated and harmless.—For *The Rare Romance of Reynard the Fox; the Crafty Courtier; together with the Shifts of his Son Reynardine, in Words of One Syllable*, with coloured illustrations, much praise and many thanks are due to Mr. Samuel Phillips Day, who, with no ordinary skill and judgment, has produced a version, in one-syllable words, of "the rude but quaint apologue," of which he remarks in his preface, "Few books have had a wider circulation, or have been translated into so many languages. The first English version was produced by the celebrated Caxton in 1481, in the twenty-first year of the reign of Edward the Fourth, and is still one of the greatest curiosities left by our earliest typographer. It was made, some say, from the old Dutch 'Regnaert die Vos,' which was printed by Cheraert de Leen; but it is more probable that Caxton translated from a manuscript, of which there were several extant. So rare and valuable is this book that the last copy was exposed to public auction, and brought the sum of 184*l.* 16*s.* An edition corresponding with Caxton's was printed in the year 1550. The only copy in existence is treasured in the Bodleian Library at Oxford."—Little girls will think well of *The Story of the Hamiltons; or, the Two Sisters*, with illustrations in colours, which is commended to readers by an announcement that it is the work of the author of 'Mamma's New Bible Stories.'—From *Flora Selwyn; or, How to Behave: a Book for Little Girls*, with coloured illustrations, damsels of tender years may derive, together with a liberal supply of romantic excitement, some useful hints respecting the proprieties of life; and by the help of *Granny's Spectacles, and What She Saw through Them*, with coloured illustrations, young persons may learn how to see their own small faults and correct them. Without saying that the new moral tales are likely to put Æsop and La Fontaine out of fashion, or to supersede Mr. Ralston's 'Fables of Krilof' in popularity, we can commend with slight emphasis *Little Fables for Little Folks*, with coloured illustrations.—The writer of the more important of the two tales in *Hid in a Cave, and the Selfish Little Girl*, with coloured illustrations, records in an almost obsolete style of art the adventures of a little boy of noble parentage, who is kidnapped in infancy by a hateful gypsy, and is not restored to his papa and mamma until he has made great advances towards a virtuous manhood. Of the moral purpose of 'The Selfish Little Girl' there is no need to make any statement.—Mrs. George Gladstone does not say that she is indebted to German literature for *The Boy who Wondered; or, Jack and Minchen*, with coloured illustrations, a story of which we can say nothing kinder than that if it is a translation from the German, the originator may not lay claim to any share of the scarcely audible praise that we accord it as an article of manufacture.

But of the entire lot of volumes the gem is Mr. Arthur Locker's *On the Coral Reef: the Story of a Runaway Trip to Sea*, in which a popular writer exercises for the delight alike of boys and girls the cunning to which he is indebted for his place amongst novelists. No sailor, as he informs us in his Preface, Mr. Locker has nevertheless served on board ship and done some important business on great waters. His knowledge, therefore, of the sea and maritime matters differs materially from that of the ordinary landsman, whose only personal acquaintance with the deep has been made under depressing circumstances in the English Channel; and his nautical experience has been of good service to him in his present literary venture. The story of the wreck of the *Cassiopeia* on the Cargados Carajos Reef, and of the subsequent doings of her crew, is told with excellent simplicity and dramatic force. Closely written, cleverly designed, and ending in the right way at the right moment, the narrative overflows with humour, and is an unusually good specimen of the story-teller's art. Capt. Cruikshank is a character that would go far to make a reputation for a novel, and the positions arising out of the mutinous conduct of a part of the captain's men are exciting. Young writers, bent on qualifying themselves to produce stories for children, should take a lesson from this capital tale.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Adams's (N.) Around the Cross, 2s. 1/1 cl. swd.
 Baynes's Relations of Language to Thought, 12mo. 2/6 cl. swd.
 Carlyle's Works, Library Edition. Essays, Vol. 4, 8vo. 9/6 cl.
 Cousin Eustace; or, Conversations on the Prayer Book, 12mo. 3/6
 Davies's (W.) Songs of the Wayfarer, 8vo. 6/6 cl.
 Dittman's Humanum (The) in Creation, 8vo. 3/6 cl.
 Goubaud's (Madame) Knitting and Netting Book, 12mo. 1/6 swd.
 Hayward's Lord Scatterbrain, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
 Leconte de Lisle's (Père) Jouis Christ, 12mo. 6/6 cl.
 Le Fanu's The Wyvern Mystery, 3 vols. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
 M'Leod's Pupil's Atlas of Modern Geography, col. 4to. 2/6 cl.
 Month of May Fair, new edit. 12mo. 2/6 cl.
 Punsbury's The Pulpit and the Pew, their Duties, 12mo. 1/6 swd.
 Reading made Easy in Spite of the Alphabet, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
 Reid's (Capt. Mayne) Headless Horseman, illust. 8vo. 7/6 cl.
 Sarraute's Essays of a Birmingham Manufacturer, Vol. 1, 8vo. 7/6
 Sewall's Mother's Last Words, Coloured Illustrations, 4to. 1/6 swd.
 Tales of the Four Seasons, edited by Heine, 8vo. 2/6 cl.
 Vanny Croft, by Author of "Contraband Christmas," 8vo. 12mo. 2/6
 Verrey's Lost Footsteps, 3 vols. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
 Warner's How to Keep the Clock Right by Observation, roy. 8vo. 4/6
 Woman's First Course in German Language, 12mo. 6s. 6d. half-bd.

THE BYRON SCANDAL.

A dim something, which looks like a ray of light, breaks on this repulsive matter in a letter published by Lord Wentworth (son of Ada, the daughter of Lord and Lady Byron). The letter is, doubtless, in the hands of all our readers, and we need only extract what at least seems like light. Lord Wentworth states that his grandmother, Lady Byron, left a manuscript, evidently intended for publication after her death, since she says that "before being published it ought to be submitted to some person who had read through the consumed Byron memoirs, so as to ensure the correction of any mis-statements." What is more important, as far as it goes, is the following:—"This statement in Lady Byron's own handwriting does not contain any accusation of so grave a nature as that which Mrs. Stowe asserts was told her"; and "Mrs. Stowe's story of this separation is inconsistent with what I have seen in various letters, &c. of Lady Byron's." We add no remark, we only note the progress of a story which, step by step, will bring us to the truth. That the story was ever agitated at all by Mrs. Stowe, has caused as much indignation in America as in Europe, if not more. It could not be touched without staining the fingers, nor stirred without moving a sickening stench. It would, if true, take from Lady Byron all the nobleness which belonged to her as the almost divine creature who returned unpardonable offence by a forgiving silence. It heaps injury on the injured, and proves nothing against the alleged criminal. If we may judge from the American papers, the publication is held there to be an outrage on decent, civilized human nature, and dishonourable to literature. Certainly, whatever fee may have been gained by the telling, or whatever profit may have been made by the selling of this Byron scandal, such money, if it has been so paid and so made, comes fittingly under the appellation of "filthy lucre."

THE KING'S NEWSPAPER.

In Etherege's comedy, 'The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter,' the airy Medley asks Lady Townley what she thinks of his setting up "an office of intelligence" for certain amorous matters, which much concerned the fine and worthless people of those days, at least on the stage. My Lady replies, "You will have great dealings with country ladies."—"Aye," says Medley, "more than Muddiman has with their husbands." Now, the Muddiman there spoken of, in a comedy first acted in 1676, was at one time the *London Gazette*, at least he is said to have been its "Writer," filling a post which has so recently been left vacant by the death of Mr. Behan, its late "Editor."

But the *London Gazette* was older than the above date. Its first number, really No. 1, would be as difficult to find as that of the *Times*, which has none. Both journals were, in fact, continuations of journals previously established under other names.

In the reign of Charles the Second, and previously, such news as the "books" gave was made up of scraps from private letters. True or false, there was appetite for all. The coffee-houses especially would have lost all their attractions, if they had not furnished their customers with very doubtful news and abundant opportunity of quarrelling over it. As it was not always possible to distinguish

the true from the false, the fine gentlemen never lacked a chance for battering one another's wigs or running one another through with a rapier.

Society became as inquisitive as the Athenians. The more they were told, the more they wanted to know. The *Intelligencer* found its way to every beau's chocolate-stand and to every belle's coverlet. Families became so full of social and political knowledge, and they began to gossip so freely about what they knew and did not know, that the paternal Government grew uneasy. That the vulgar should discuss the doings of their betters,—that profane brawlers should pick paragraphs from the ordinary news-sheet, and make them serve as texts for assailing the sacred majesty of kings, which was ensnared amid saucy, bright-eyed, jewelled wenches, at Whitehall, was an atrocity that was not to be borne. But then an Englishman would have a voice in his own affairs; and affairs of State touched his pocket and his honour. Cutting off a man's ears never stopped his tongue. At last, "our most religious and gracious King" declared that he would have a paper of his own, and tell news in his own way, that is, by a Secretary of State, who would tell it, or superintend the telling of it, for him. Charles and the Court were then at Oxford, whither fear of the plague had driven them from London. They were dull, and could invent no new pleasure to relieve their dullness. It was then that the bright idea presented itself of publishing an exclusively Royal News-Letter. There was something to do or talk about, and they were all the happier for it. Especially proud and joyous were they when in November, 1665, the *Oxford Gazette* issued its first number. The *Intelligencer* had died obsequiously, or inevitably, beforehand. Twice a week, English coteries began to look for the two folio pages, to learn how courtiers put things, or rather how Mr. Muddiman set down public events at Mr. Secretary's bidding. It was quite the proper thing to take in the King's Newspaper!

But the Court went to London, when the plague had been driven back into holes and corners, and the *Gazette* went with it. Change of locality led to change of name; and in February, 1666, instead of the *Oxford*, men read the *London Gazette* at the head of the sheet, and from that day the sovereign's newspaper has existed down to the present. Its first official "writer" was Sir Joseph Williamson, Under-Secretary of State. Sir Joseph, however, did the writing by deputy. Mr. Charles Parrot, a young University gentleman of brilliant parts, is said to have been the first actual "writer" of the *Gazette*; but we are inclined to believe that the notorious Joe Haynes had a finger or a pen in it. Joe was a sort of private secretary to Sir Joseph before Haynes went on the stage; but Joe forgot that "secretary" had anything in reference to "secret," and he "blabbed" in Bow Street taverns like any street gossip. We can well fancy that Capt. Bluff or Tom Errand was more at home on the stage than in the council chamber.

We may next observe that as there were French pastorals acted at Whitehall and Hampton Court as well as English, so was there for many years a French as well as an English edition of the *London Gazette*. In 1678, the King had ordered, through the *Gazette*, that Papists should remove from the capital unless they had licences to remain. In translating the royal decree, M. Moranville, a Papist probably, took upon him to alter the sense of some of the passages. The Commons were furious, and summoned Newcombe, the printer, to the Bar. Newcombe, however, said that he was only the printer, and did not understand a word of French. His "nong tong paw" plea exempted him from censure; but Moranville was brought up by a messenger. The police meanwhile broke into his house, examined his papers, and came away with loyal, or royal, suspicions that a man who could pervert the meaning of a line in the King's own newspaper was capable of destroying the royal line itself. Moranville was very submissive and sorry; he had made a little mistake, and hoped to be forgiven. He was deprived of his place, and might think himself lucky; men had been hanged for less than altering the sense of the King's decrees.

The most famous "writer" of the *Gazette* during

the last century was Steele. His comedy of 'The Funeral' and some influence acquired him the honour. He lost it by refusing to be servile to a Government which thought it had bought servility. But the most famous incident connected with the paper during the last century was the forgery of one number, issued in May, 1787. No police acuteness was acute enough to lay hand on the inimitable rogue who played that perilous joke.

But, far more famous incident still, was the *Gazette* itself getting into a sea of troubles, when the King's Newspaper appeared in delinquency before "His Majesty's Opposition." In or about the year 1821, a hyper-loyal Scottish Presbyterian burgh sent up an address to the King, in which complaint was made of the disloyal speeches delivered by Whigs and Radicals in the House, and bitter denunciations levelled against the licentiousness of the Press. Now, if the *Gazette* had simply recorded that the address had been presented and received, it would have confined itself to its recognized and lawful limits; but the King's Newspaper called it a loyal address, and added that it had been graciously received. Sir John Newport was the exponent of the wrath of the Lower House at what he called a gross breach of privilege. That this official Government paper should dare to hint a word against any party in the Commons, evidently seemed to Sir John a sort of sacrilege; for the expressions could not have been used without the licence of the Secretary of State, without whose licence nothing should appear. Lord Castlereagh, like Moranville, pleaded "mistake" but the Commons compelled the ministry to "eat humble pie," with the very hard crust of an apology.

These rubs, however, did not impede the prosperity of the *Gazette*. Thirty years ago it made above 15,000*l.* a year by advertisements, and the whole of its working expenses did not amount to half that. Its busiest time was during the railway mania, when all railway projects had to be advertised in the *Gazette* by a certain day, for otherwise Parliament would not recognize them. The ferment this caused is now inconceivable. As the limit of time approached, the advertisements increased, till, on one November day, the paper was enlarged to 533 pages! It required nearly 150 newspaper stamps, and was sold at something more than half-a-crown; but as it was making thousands of pounds daily by advertisements, it might, as has been remarked, have been given away at a large profit.

Since that period it has relapsed into chronicling State matters; and by the death of Mr. Behan a new editor is wanted for this old "King's Newspaper." There is nothing to do, and every possible assistance.

THE LATE THOMAS WATTS.

THERE is lamentation for the death of this distinguished scholar, not alone in the British Museum, but in the world of letters, in which he was well known and appreciated. Mr. Watts died at his residence in the Museum on the 9th inst.—the result of an apparently slight accident during a vacation tour. He was travelling with his brother and sister in South Wales, when, upon stopping at Bridgnorth and alighting at the door of the Crown Hotel, he stumbled, and injured his right leg above the knee. He remained at Bridgnorth under medical treatment for about ten days, and then returned to London, when he placed himself under the care of Mr. Edwin Canton, who soon ascertained that he was suffering from *phlebitis*,—inflammation, that is, of the femoral vein. No fatal consequence, however, was anticipated, and, indeed, on the morning of his death he was pronounced to be advancing towards recovery, when a little before one o'clock he was seized with an attack of heart complaint, which baffled all medical skill. He expired in less than two hours.

Mr. Watts was born in London in 1811, and at an early age was sent to an academy in the neighbourhood of Finsbury Square, kept by a Mr. Linnington. Here he studied the usual branches of English education, to which were added in process of time Latin, Greek and French. He "took to his learning eagerly," as the saying is. While the other

boys played he read. He literally devoured books; first in English, afterwards in other languages. Nor did he only read: he wrote with the utmost ease tales, essays and verse, some of which found their way into print. He was recognized as the poet of the school, and after he left, it was customary for the master to call upon young Watts to contribute some piece for recitation on the annual speech-day. After making considerable progress in the languages mentioned, the young student advanced to the various languages of the Latin family, as Italian, Spanish and Portuguese, which he easily mastered, as he also did in process of time the German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish and Icelandic. From his earliest years he was endowed with a prodigious memory, which wonderfully assisted him in making these several acquisitions. He next applied himself to the study of the Oriental tongues, viz. Hebrew, Arabic, Turkish, and even Chinese. Subsequently he became a proficient in the Russian, Polish and Hungarian. These three languages he could read as easily as an ordinary student can read French or German. He was intimately acquainted not only with the languages but with the literature of the several countries they represented. The Celtic family of languages, comprising the Welsh, Gaelic, Irish, and Bas-Breton, was also studied by him with good effect. Nothing baffled him, and thus fully furnished with linguistic lore, such as Mezzofanti alone ever excelled, he obtained an appointment in the British Museum, through the good offices of Mr. (now Sir Anthony) Panizzi. This was in 1837, when his services were engaged as a supernumerary assistant in the Library, then in process of re-arrangement in consequence of the transference of the books from old Montague House to the new Library. Watts's services in this capacity were so valuable that from a supernumerary he soon became a permanent assistant. He was entrusted with the classification of the books, and he continued this labour for many years, classifying and arranging all the books received into the library from 1838 to 1857, to the extent of 400,000 volumes. He was also entrusted with the task of drawing up lists of *desiderata* to be supplied by foreign booksellers in the various languages, some of which up to his time had remained comparatively unrepresented on the shelves of the Museum Library. Remarking upon this in an admirable letter addressed by him to Mr. Panizzi in 1861, and published in a Parliamentary paper in 1866, he says—"In the course of the ten years from 1851 to 1860 inclusive, the number of separate works ordered at my suggestion cannot have been less than 80,000, and to select these orders required the examination of at least 600,000 titles of books in Greek and Latin, in French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese; in German, Swedish, Danish and Dutch; in Russian, Polish, Bohemian and Hungarian. I have also had occasion to prepare lists of *desiderata* in Welsh, Icelandic and Chinese, and I had the pleasure of drawing up under your inspection the first large list of American orders which was ever sent across the Atlantic from the Museum. . . . The object which has been kept in view during the last three-and-twenty years has been to bring together from all quarters the useful, the elegant and the curious literature of every language; to unite with the best English library in the world the best Russian library out of Russia, the best German out of Germany, the best Spanish out of Spain, and so for every language, from Italian to Icelandic, from Polish to Portuguese. In five of the languages in which it now claims this species of supremacy—in Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Danish and Swedish—I believe I may say that, with the exception of perhaps fifty volumes, every book that has been purchased by the Museum within the last three-and-twenty years has been purchased at my suggestion. I have the pleasure of reflecting that every future student of the less-known literatures of Europe will find riches where I found poverty; though, of course, the collection in all these languages together forms but a small proportion of the vast accumulations that have been added during your administration and that of your successor." The able services of Mr. Watts were recognized in the Report of the Royal Com-

missioners on the Museum in 1849, but his promotion to an Assistant-Keepership in the Library did not take place until 1857, when, upon Mr. Panizzi being made Principal Librarian, and Mr. Winter Jones Keeper of the Printed Books, Mr. Watts was made Assistant Keeper and Superintendent of the new Reading-Room. It will scarcely be believed that after such services, when Mr. Watts applied to have his office of Superintendent of the Reading-Room, in which he had thirteen attendants and an assistant under him, raised to the rank of a Department, with a corresponding salary, this request was refused by the governing body of the Museum. He had to wait during five years, when, upon the retirement of Mr. Panizzi as Principal Librarian, and the appointment of Mr. Jones as his successor, Mr. Watts was advanced to the office of Keeper of the Printed Books. This was in 1866. He used to work for many hours in the evening on the business of his department, and even when on vacation he was accustomed to look over lists of Russian and Polish *desiderata*. Mr. Watts was the inventor of what he called the "elastic system" in the numbering of the presses in the Library, by means of which a vast expense, amounting, in fact, to some thousands of pounds, was spared to the Trustees when the books were removed to the new Library surrounding the Reading-Room. He was also the first to propose building a grand reading-room and surrounding library in the vacant quadrangle, since carried into effect by Sir Anthony Panizzi. Mr. Watts's proposals on this subject appeared in the *Mechanics' Magazine* so far back as 1836 and 1837. In one of these papers he says, speaking of the quadrangle, "The space thus unfortunately wasted would have provided accommodation for the whole library. A reading-room of ample dimensions might have stood in the centre, and been surrounded on all sides by galleries for the books, communicating with each other and lighted from the top." This was a plain anticipation of what has since taken place under the auspices of Sir A. Panizzi. Mr. Watts assisted numerous persons in the production of substantial contributions to literature. It would be difficult to furnish a complete list of his own literary labours; but among them are 'Notes of a Reader,' contributed to a weekly periodical, entitled the *Spirit of Literature*, 1830,—numerous poetical pieces, contributed to Linnington's 'Rhetorical Speaker and Practical Class-Book,' 1833,—'A Letter to Antonio Panizzi, Esq., on the reputed earliest printed newspaper, the *English Mercurius*, 1588, 1839; 'A Sketch of the History of the Welsh Language and Literature,' reprinted from Knight's 'English Cyclopædia,' 1859; more than a hundred biographies of eminent men, Russian, Hungarian, and Bohemian, contributed to the same Cyclopædia; the articles 'British Museum' and 'Libraries,' both of great extent, contributed to the 'English Cyclopædia'; numerous articles in the 'Biographical Dictionary' of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; papers in the *Transactions of the Philological Society*, among which were biographical notices of Cardinal Mezzofanti, and an essay on the Hungarian language and literature, for which he was chosen a Member of the Hungarian Academy; also contributions to the *Quarterly Review*, the *Athenæum* and other literary periodicals. To this record of a distinguished career of literary usefulness let us add that Mr. Watts was always ready to communicate from his vast store of knowledge to all who applied to him, as readers in the Museum well know; and not only these, but correspondents in foreign countries and in both hemispheres. He was truly kind to every one; liberal of advice to fellow-labourers in the field of literature, as many are prepared to testify; and liberal not of advice alone, but of pecuniary assistance, with small questioning, to such as needed the latter quite as much as the former. Many a poor "reader" has been helped forward by him in the prosecution of some valuable work, and saved from literary shipwreck by his timely intervention. Of such a man, dying at the comparatively early age of 58, will it be irreverent of us to say—"He should have died hereafter"?

GUERNSEY FROLICS.

Fort George, Guernsey, Sept. 9, 1869.

In looking back to your review of 'L'Homme qui Rit' (*Athen.* No. 2166), I find that your critic has, doubtless unintentionally, been rather too severe on some of us poor officers of the English army, whose good or bad fortune it has been to have been quartered in Guernsey since October 31, 1855—the date of Victor Hugo's arrival here from Jersey. As one of these officers, I have taken pains to inquire into the truth of these allegations against the garrison; and, in justice to the English army, I beg to state that the "frequent capture of his (Victor Hugo's) door-knockers at Guernsey by English officers" is altogether disclaimed by our officers of the Royal army. I only speak for the regulars; the militia must answer for themselves.

In the first place, Victor Hugo does not even himself venture to accuse our officers of these excesses, as your critic would have the world to suppose. The passage is as follows (vide Tome deuxième, p. 77): "Sur divers points d'Angleterre ou des possessions Anglaises, à Guernesey par exemple, de temps en temps on vous dévaste un peu votre maison la nuit, on vous brise une clôture, on vous arrache le marteau de votre porte, &c. Si c'étaient des pauvres, on les enverrait au bagne; mais ce sont d'aimables jeunes gens."

Now, I am far from denying that such disreputable acts occasionally, if not frequently, occur in Guernsey. To my own knowledge, the collar of Victor Hugo's Italian greyhound Sénat, on which was engraved the following distich:—
Je voudrais que chez moi quelqu'un me ramenât.
Mon état? Chien! Mon maître? Hugo! Mon nom? Sénat!
has been frequently stolen, and so often replaced that at present poor Sénat has to run about without any collar at all. There are several other instances that I could name. For instance, there is the smallest cap-stone of the celebrated cromlech at L'Ancresee. It is only lately that that was thrown down and wantonly broken. Since your critic wrote, a fine araucaria has been torn down in front of a lady's house; and various similar depredations have been committed, gates taken off their hinges, &c. But why the officers of the garrison here should have to bear the blame of these senseless and unpardonable pranks, I know not. For my part, I firmly believe these practical jokes to be native, and not foreign, to the island; and that these "*pièces de fun*" may be certainly attributable to the well-known "humour" of the "*aimables jeunes gens*"—*Guernesiais*!

S. P. OLIVER, Lieut. R.A.

SPELLING REFORM.

London, Sept. 13, 1869.

I have read with interest the letters of Mr. Jones, published in Nos. 2176 and 2185 of your paper, and appreciate the object for which the Spelling Reform Association has been formed. It appears to me, however, that the plan suggested by that Association, though excellent in itself, will prove of but little value; and that any effectual improvement in the present system of spelling can only be brought about by introducing the novelties at the upper end of the social scale. Suppose, for instance, that the Council on Education should direct their Inspectors to admit as "good spelling" the forms indicated by Mr. Jones in his second letter, and others similar,—what would be the result? Why, boys educated at national schools who had learnt to spell according to the new system would find that few persons would be inclined to employ them in any position where spelling would be brought into play, unless in the mean time the new system had obtained a general acceptance, as the notions held by the boys with regard to spelling would be so totally at variance with those held by the mass of employers educated on the old plan, that it would be impossible for them to retain their situations (should they get them) unless they were able to spell also on the present system; and therefore the time occupied in learning to spell in the new way would simply have been thrown away.

If reform is to be effected at all, it must be begun by the press and authors of established reputation. Let the members of the Spelling Reform Association agree upon a system of spelling and adopt it

at once; let those who write for the press use the new system, and when the mass of the people see such words as "tung" and "receve" in the leading articles of the daily papers and in works written by men of standing in the literary world, they will soon become accustomed to the new state of things and begin to use the new system themselves,—and none need then be afraid to venture on the innovations. Certainly it is high time that something be done to improve the anomalous orthography of our language. While disapproving of the so-called "phonetic system," I think that the pronunciation of a word ought to be some guide to the spelling of it, which at present it is not; and that letters which neither affect the pronunciation nor serve as aids to the discovery of the derivation should be dispensed with.

When I think of the advantage which some of our Continental friends possess over us with respect to simplicity of orthography—to wit, the Spaniards—and contrast their languages with ours and its inconsistencies, I long for some literary Luther to arise and proclaim a new reformation.

I trust that the ventilation of this subject may be the cause of the much to be desired improvement.

J. W. K.

SHAKSPEARE—AS A SAUCE.

Paris, September, 1869.

If travelling makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, authorship may be said to bring us into relation with eccentric correspondents. Until it occurred to me that the blessings of a good kitchen, which are freely enjoyed in this country by all classes of the community, might be extended to England by dint of lecturing on the economies as well as the delights of artistic and scientific cookery, I had remained in happy ignorance of the perplexities which are in store for reformers who have the temerity to break new ground, especially when they break it with such dangerous weapons as knife and fork. I have been endeavouring to persuade my obstinate and wasteful countrymen that there is no reason worth a moment's consideration why they should not extend the limited range of the English kitchen, and make sunshine in a shady place, reflected from the polished copper of a stew-pan. Why should the Paris workmen be able to enjoy a wholesome and delicious salad through the winter months while his London brother is limited to bread and cheese? Is there any good cause why the *pot-au-feu* should be ever simmering in the Quartier St.-Antoine, and be unknown in Bethnal Green? Why are lentils and haricots (white and red) accessible to the slenderest purses here, furnishing as they do a larger proportion of nourishment than any other vegetable? Why do I find them filling a granary in the Central Magazine of the "Assistance Publique" ready for the poor, while our needy work-folk remain doomed to half-a-dozen food materials, coarse and dear, and continue ignorant of the economical and wholesome manners in which these may be variously accommodated to the human palate? These are among the considerations which have led me to say something on the function of the Epicure in two Year-Books, and to make other efforts towards the better understanding of the food-materials which lie within the reach of the millions of my under-fed countrymen. At the same time, I have touched on the higher ranges of culinary science and gastronomic art; for I hold that the reform must come from above, not from the eaters of the flesh of the horse and ass. When Mr. Bicknell and his friends made a banquet, in which they associated horse-steaks with truffles and fried fish in equine grease, they committed (to my mind) an egregious blunder, whereby they retarded the cessation of the English underheaded prejudice against two new, most useful, because very cheap and highly nutritious, foods. My plan was to disseminate a knowledge of the art of eating among the middle classes, in the assurance that this knowledge would soak to the poorer classes. It is the con-cierge's knowledge of economical and appetizing methods of preparing every obtainable variety of food which gives her the power to live well on a miserable income; and this knowledge comes to her from the *cordons bleus* of the house of which she holds the key.

So much by way of introduction to the extraordinary communication I have received on my subject from Philadelphia, inclosing the *menu* of the Seventeenth Annual Dinner of the Shakspeare Society of that city. I say authorship makes a man acquainted with eccentric correspondents. I have had more than my share; but the following is the gem of my collection:—

"Sir,—Some good angel threw across my notice your two Year-Books, which I at once sent for, received, and have read. The profession to which I have the honour to belong, had required that, years ago, I should make the acquaintance of some other volumes bearing that name, larger in size, older in date, and having a certain mustiness in parts of them, which I have failed to perceive in yours. In your book for 1868, I think you say (for I have left it, and I therefore do not speak by the card) that you will be glad to receive any *menus* which are remarkable, and therefore take the liberty of sending you that of the Shakspearean Society here, just published. As a literary thing, it is quite good, especially when it is considered that all the quotations are from a single play—'King Lear.' As a *menu*, it is, as I observed to them, beneath contempt. Any one who would put the Blue Seal Johannsberger on with Steinberg Cabinet, and follow them with Rudesheimer Berg and then Liebfrauenmilch, and then to Steinberg of '46, and then Marcobrunner, deserves to be drowned in a butt of American wine (which is about the worst thing I know of). So, when they asked me to join the Society, I replied, mildly yet firmly, that I would see them—first. And here perhaps I might and ought to stop; and yet a kindly feeling, which your book gave me towards its author, emboldens me to say a few words more. Your book is so good that I wish it were better. You have, what the late Mr. Thackeray once said, 'a great but misdirected genius for *virtualls*.' And yet, in the name of a suffering literary world, I must thank you for what you have not put in your books. I must admire and respect a man who spares us the story of Lucullus supping in the Apollo, of the slaves flung to the lampreys, of 'the reclining position of the ancients at their meals,' of the hours at which rites were held—of the Prince of Condé's cook—of Vatel's suicide, and above all of that humbug, Brillat-Savarin. As for what you have put in, I don't know that you are to be blamed for what has not been revealed to you, any more than a Hindoo is for not skating well. You have not had a fair chance. A friend of mine sat at meat at Prince Metternich's table, and saw the '46 wine dribbled round—the quantity proportioned to the rank of the guest. Here all of a certain set can, on occasion, and will often, to a really good man, give generously of it. Did you ever drink Madeira?—I remember taking some to London in '62, and bewailing my soul in bitterness as I heard "very pleasant!" said.—Did you ever eat canvas-back duck—any about November—picked out of fifty or a hundred, and eaten twenty-four hours after they were killed, cooked before a hickory (you have not the wood in England) fire, with hominy?—"What's hominy?" I hear you say. We have had you Britishers over here, and I have been rejoiced to hear them say, "Well, certainly, I never did—I never did, you know, taste anything *quite* so delicious as this. But you are the most extravagant people in the world." Perhaps so. I am coming to London in the Scotia, which, please God, sails hence on the 16th of this month, for I have professional business in Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn before the season closes. I don't know who or what you are, but if you choose to come to the Palace Hotel, Buckingham Gate, or to send me a line there, I think I would like to see you—perhaps to have you to dinner with me—at Francatelli's perhaps. My daughter will be with me. She is eighteen years old—by some deemed handsome, by others clever; but she's a much better judge of some wines than I am, and one of the best horsewomen in America, though, indeed, she has never ridden to hounds. It is quite likely that you may not come to see me (unless you are the man of the world that I take you to be), but it won't kill me, for I know lots of people in London, from prize-fighters to Dukes (the former sometimes the less

stupid), and I can get along very well without you. Though, seriously, mon cher M. Fin Bec, I somehow think you must be rather nice; and if you don't like me or I don't like you, though it may be a little awkward, we can easily drop out of the acquaintance. Did you ever read Miss Edgeworth's 'L'Amie Inconnue'?"

Had I been within reach of Buckingham Gate, I should have found it difficult to submit myself to the critical scrutiny of my Correspondent and his handsome daughter, who is so excellent a judge of some wines, for the very good reason that his signature was utterly illegible. A gentleman who is the soul of candour should write his name plainly.

May I, however, take this opportunity of thanking him for his discourse on "*virtualls*," and of expressing a hope that his example will prove the corner-stone of a gastronomic school in the States.

The Shakspeare *menu*, I agree with him, is an outrage on epicurean taste. The wines and dishes are a pretentious and most trying jumble. But the manner in which Shakspeare is used, as sauce, is occasionally exceedingly happy; and the production, regarded as an applied extract from one piece to one subject, is remarkable. Let me give your readers a few examples.—

The grace is good:—

Heartie thanks
The bounty, and the benison of Heaven.

The Bill of Fare is introduced,—

—Distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.

Oysters on the half shell.

LEAR. Thou wert better in a Grave, than to answer
with thy uncover'd body, this extremity.
KENT. Open this burse and take what it contains.
FOOLE. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?
LEAR. Art asham'd to looke vpon this beard?

Soup—a la Reine.

GON. 'Tis hot, it smokes.
Pâté à la Financière.

KENT. I am much more
Than my out-wall.

Deuilled Capon Legs.

KENT. Carbonado your shanks.

Wine—Schloss Johannsberger, 1857, and Steinberger
Cabinet, 1857.

BAST. To both these Sisters have I sworn my love.
Each jealous of the other.....
Which shall I take?

Spring Chickens.

EDG. Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.

Burgundy, Chamberlin, 1861.

BAST. Whose ago had charmes in it,
Whose Tittle more.

Potatoes.

EDG. The poore Creature of earth.

Snipe.

LEAR. Bring vp the browne Billes.

KENT. You wagtail.

Meringue.

LEAR. That little seeming substance.

Salad.

COR. I want that glib and oylie.

Omelette Soufflée.

FOOLE. Nunckle, give me an egge.

Jelly.

LEAR. See how the subject quakes.

Punch.

GLOU. Let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to't.

Limberger Cheese.

FOOLE. There's not a nose among twenty, but can smell
him.

Coffee.

LEAR. On Ivy

Although our last not least.

Cigars.

FOOLE. A small spark, all the rest on's body cold.
Looke heere comes a walking fire.

The Shakspeareans of Philadelphia may boast this advantage over us, that they can keep up an annual feast in memory of the bard of Avon, whereto the wit sparkles, and there is a reverent spirit, while the knives and forks play about the planked shad and the deuilled capon legs. Let me give our Shakspearean cousins of the West a heading for 1870:—

Who can cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?

B. J. (FIN BEC.)

AMERICA—MRS. STOWE.

Washington, Aug. 30, 1869.

SOME weeks ago Mr. George Peabody passed through this city on his way to the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia. His health was not good; but the waters and the bracing air of the Alleghany Mountains soon restored him to his wonted vigour, and he resumed his regular business of giving away money. He first sent off to a town in Massachusetts the sum of 140,000 dollars, to be expended in the cause of education, and then gave 60,000 dollars to the University of Virginia. The President of this institution is the late Confederate General, Robert E. Lee, and it was after he had spent a quiet morning in conversation with Mr. Peabody at the Springs that he received a cheque for the amount of this last princely gift.

The only companion that Mr. Peabody took with him to the Springs was his old and intimate friend, Mr. William W. Corcoran. The English reputation of this gentleman is not so extensive as that of Mr. Peabody, but in this country he is universally respected and applauded for his great wealth and rare munificence. He is a retired banker, and resides in this city. His last act before going off to the mountains was to endow an Art Institution in Washington, at a total cost of 1,000,000 dollars. The building itself, built after the modern French style of architecture, is one of the handsomest in the city; and the first instalment of paintings and statuary will consist of about one hundred works of Art, hitherto known as Mr. Corcoran's private gallery. The very next day after the endowment was completed, Mr. August Belmont, a prominent banker of New York, invited the Trustees of the Corcoran Art Institution to visit that city to select twelve paintings from his very fine collection, which he proposed to donate to the new institution. While collecting pictures for his own personal pleasure, Mr. Corcoran followed no particular method, but gathered from all sources and countries; but I am glad to believe that the managers of the Art Institution will hereafter pay very considerable attention to the English School of Art.

The great topic of discussion just now in the literary world is a magazine-article from the pen of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe on Lord Byron. It appears in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and on the strength of one or two conversations which the authoress had with Lady Byron, charges the poet with a horrible crime. If what she says is true, she has committed a great offence against good taste; but the trouble is, she submits no proof, beyond her own word, of the deplorable charge. She has certainly created a sensation, but at the expense of her reputation; for the respectable newspaper press of the country is almost unanimous in its denunciation of Mrs. Stowe and her folly. The first effect of this essay has been greatly to increase the sale of Byron's Poems, which are re-appearing in all sorts of editions.

With regard to new books, there is but little information to communicate. Of course the Lives of Landor and Robinson have been republished, and are having a wide circulation. A few months ago a Boston clergyman named Murray wrote a little work about the Adirondack Mountains, in the northern part of New York. It really contained nothing new, but was pleasant and gossipy, and, as the warm weather approached, caused a regular rush of tourists to the mountains. Not one in a hundred of these deluded people met with the pleasure or success that he anticipated, and the papers, for weeks past, have been teeming with complaints from persons who sign themselves as "Murray's Fools." Another clergyman, named Perinchief, a native of Bermuda, but a resident of Philadelphia, has published a volume of 'Sermons,' which have taken the country by surprise, and produced a profound impression. He is an Episcopalian, and has been frequently compared with Jeremy Taylor. Another purely American book recently published is on the 'Physical Geography of the Mississippi River,' by J. W. Foster, LL.D. It comes to us from Chicago, which is becoming noted for its handsome publications. Among other things of interest, the Doctor tells us that the area of the Mississippi Valley is 2,455,000 square miles, and that its navigable waters reach the enormous extent of 9,000 miles;

also that its depth varies from 16 to 118 feet, and that throughout the lower twelve hundred miles the waters have a fall of $\frac{1}{10}$ of a foot per mile. Taken as a whole, the book is considered a valuable contribution to our geographical literature.

A great International Exhibition, to be held in this city, is among the events promised to us for the year 1871. Some half-dozen of our wealthiest men have promised their friendly and financial co-operation. L.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Queen's autograph letter, by which she intimated her intention to present to the Royal Academy her bust, the work of her daughter, the Princess Louise, has, by Her Majesty's permission, been deposited in the archives of the Academy. The bust will be placed, we believe, in the chief exhibition room.

Mr. Wilkie Collins is alert, after a long repose. He is now engaged on a story which is intended for successive numbers of *Cassell's Magazine*. We will suggest to Mr. Wilkie Collins that if he completes his story before the first number appears in a serial form, his labour will be materially lightened, his health spared, and the public will be free from all possible disappointment.

Mr. Dymond, who has been connected with the *Morning Star* from its commencement, is about to retire from that paper, with the intention of settling in Canada.

Mr. William Michael Rossetti is editing a cheap series of the later British poets for Messrs. Moxon, with compendious biographical-critical notices. Six volumes will be ready in October. Mr. Rossetti's new Life of Shelley is also at press, and will be published, with his edition of the poet's works, in November.

The first part of the Roxburghe Ballads, for the Ballad Society, is at press.

Mr. Richard Morris will add to his re-edition of the curious early *Bestiary* for the Early English Text Society some thirteenth-century Kentish sermons translated from the French, the 'Passion of Our Lord' and other poems from the Jesus College MS. of the 'Owl and Nightingale,' and some versions of the Proverbs of Alfred.

The next book in Mr. Arber's excellent series of English reprints is the fifteenth-century version of the 'Reuelacion of Sent Nycholas to a Monke of Euyshamme,' A.D. 1196, from the unique copy in the British Museum, not heretofore reprinted. It is an account of the monk's visit to Purgatory and Paradise, under the guidance of St. Nicholas, showing how sinners are punished and well-doers rewarded, and intended "for the comfort and profetyng of all cristen pepulle." There is, of course, much matter in it for the illustration of the life and opinions of the writer's time in England.

The Newton-Pascal affair in Paris has come to an end, and in the way that was from the first foreseen on this side of the Channel. At the meeting of the Academy of Sciences on Monday last, M. Charles delivered a brief history of the whole matter, showing how the MSS. first came into his hands by purchase of a few letters, then more and more followed to the number of above 20,000, all of which he also bought, having no doubt of their genuineness: how that at last his suspicions were excited, and he requested the Prefect of Police to set a watch on the seller of manuscripts, and later recommended that he should be arrested, which was accordingly done, and now the forger lies in prison awaiting further inquiry. M. Charles is of opinion that no single hand could have produced so enormous a mass of documents—so various a supply of letters, some even purporting to be written by Julius Cæsar, others by Charlemagne and the Merovingian kings, and that there exists somewhere an association of forgers, which remains to be discovered. Hence we may expect to hear of curious revelations on this "international" controversy, and on the means by which it was brought about. Every friend of M. Charles will rejoice that he has at last spoken out, and made a clean breast of it.

A second serious fire in the Strand, near several theatres, has naturally alarmed the play-going public. The entrances to many of our theatres are flanked by spirit-shops or other equally dangerous places. What would become of an audience if one of these stores took fire? The theatre might be saved, but the people would have to struggle into the street through fire and smoke filling the outer passages. Every theatre should stand alone. As most of them are built at present, the lives of spectators are in especial peril as long as the play lasts. This is a matter of more importance than the length of ballet-skirts, and is not unworthy of the notice of the Lord Chamberlain or the Board of Works.

A man of some mark has passed away in the person of Sir Wyndham Carmichael Anstruther. Before other men had surnames, his great ancestor, a baron of seven centuries ago, bore that of De Candela. This name, however, was afterwards changed for that of the land acquired by the family, Anstruther. One of the Anstruthers of Anstruther was made a baronet by James the Sixth of Scotland, and also Hereditary Grand Carver. This title has changed into that of Heritable Carver of the Royal Household in Scotland, and it is held by the new baronet. The most famous man of this line was Sir Robert, who was King of Denmark for a whole afternoon. In 1620, Sir Robert was English Envoy at the Danish Court, where he so distinguished himself at a royal mid-day revel that Christian made over the crown of Denmark to him for the rest of the day. We do not hear that the ambassador either used or abused his authority.

Mr. Eustace Jones, of Springfield Villa, Fremantle, Southampton, writes:—"I am not the Mr. E. Jones who writes on the question of spelling reform in your number for September 11th. I have no fault to find with the very good taste which leads Mr. Jones to write bad grammar in his plea for bad spelling, so long as it is not accredited to yours truly, EUSTACE JONES."

M. Fridolin Werm writes to us with reference to a remark we made (*Athen.* 2184) on a French criticism on a French translation by M. Werm of Wordsworth's 'We are Seven.' We said that he had found it in Wordsworth, but that his French critic (who seems to have mistaken it for a German poem) was not in his confidence. The most essential part of M. F. Werm's note is as follows:—"If you refer to my little collection 'Juin—Novembre,' which has been served to you and to the English press all round, and posted with my own hand, you will see that the poem in question is one of a series 'pour les enfants,' acknowledged at the outset to be very freely adapted from German and English authors, Wordsworth's name being there."—This statement perfectly exonerates the writer from all the blame which he seems to think was implied by our joke about "lifting." If we had had the good fortune to see his work, 'Juin—Novembre,' we should not have made it; but that good fortune we may hope yet to enjoy.

The Southern Embankment of the Thames, from Westminster Bridge to High Street, Vauxhall, is now open.

We have lately heard much about an extraordinary descent of lady-birds on the Kentish coast. Few readers may remember 'The Comic Almanack for 1848,' which, under the title of 'Sea-side Entomology,' illustrates Margate Pier in similar circumstances, by means of an etching by Mr. G. Cruikshank.

As a sample of the deadly-liveliness of the season, the following conundrum (if it be a conundrum), which must have been made 'twixt asleep and awake, may serve:—"What is the difference between the two ladies *Nilsson* and *Neilson*? Each has an eye, but only the English actress has a knee!"

A strange story comes from San Francisco of the discovery of papers (which had at some time been flung into the sea) near San Buenaventura. These are said to give an account of the desertion of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, of the wintering at Beechy Island in 1846 and 1847, and of the death of Sir

John Franklin on the 11th of June, 1847. The news needs confirmation.

"Electric Jack" is a new personage who is not to be passed by in silence. He is the running messenger employed by the Electric Telegraph Company chiefly to convey copy to the telegraph office, from which it is to be forwarded. His name is Lewington. By the speed with which he ran, after the international boat-race was finished, to Mortlake, he helped, by some minutes, the transmission of the news of the event to America, which occupied 23 minutes. The race was over between 5 and 6 P.M. The issue was known in New York four hours earlier, according to time there. Half the United States knew the result before thousands of people within a mile of the winning-post, on the opposite side of the river on which the race was rowed, had learnt the issue. "Jacks" are like the kings who never die. "Electric Jack" is an improvement on the late too clever "Flint Jack," who could make ancient British pottery and manipulate antique flint weapons out of anything that came to hand, with a perfection that would have puzzled Col. Lane Fox himself.

One word more about the great race. The American Nation pleasantly winds up a comment upon it by saying,—"What could have been done with Boston if we had won? There would have been no living in the same country with her, and probably she would have dragged us into a foreign war before the year was out. Her pride is almost unendurable now; but with three Bostonians and a Concord man as victors over Oxford she would have been altogether past bearing. We should have the spectacle that the World prefigured the other day, when it described Boston as being ninety-five millions of miles from the sun, slightly flattened at the poles, and revolving on its own axis once every 23 hours 56 minutes 4 seconds, thus causing the alternation of day and night." Quite as pleasant, in another way, is the Nation's serious assertion that "at Eton a considerable portion of the time of the masters is taken up with teaching the boys cricket and rowing." *Parceur, va!*

When King James threatened to remove the capital from London to Oxford, the Lord Mayor only hoped His Majesty would not take the Thames with him. In America, an agitation is beginning for the removal of the Federal capital from Washington. Westerners advocate St. Louis as the best locality, but others hold New York to be the one and proper place. Nobody at Washington hopes anything after the fashion of our Lord Mayor.

The discovery of two new diamond-fields—those of the Cape and of Victoria—has come in good time to meet the demand. The East Indian supply has long since declined, and the markets have of late years been dependent on Brazilian. On the whole, the fashion for diamonds has declined in Russia, Turkey, Spain and Portugal, though a rise was created by the fashion in Paris under the Empire and in the United States. Diamonds used to be, in disturbed countries, for the middle and higher classes, a resource for hoarding in political troubles, which gold and silver furnished to the lower classes. The improved political condition of many countries has diminished both modes of hoarding. For small diamonds or diamond dust for trade purposes the want has increased, and the price sometimes reaches £600. per ounce.

Count Philip Paul de Ségur is the oldest man in the French Academy. He was born in 1780, and "received" in 1830. But the oldest Academician is M. A. F. Villemain, born 1790, and received into Membership in 1821.

The "Bibliothèque Internationale Universelle" is the title of a new project which has been started by a literary society in Paris. Their object is to publish all the known masterpieces of literature of all nations. It is to consist of about 200 volumes octavo, and two volumes are to come out monthly, at a low price to subscribers. The works, however, are not to be originals, but French translations.

Disestablishment is threatening idolatry in India. Our Government has long since ceased to pay direct

subsidies. In consequence of an alleged irregularity in the expenditure of temple money at the Temple of Parbutti in Poona, the "Native Committee" has called on the collector to interfere. The result is, an army of priests, musicians and dancing girls stand idle. An audit of the accounts is demanded, which the reverend gentlemen and irreverend women resist. Here, as elsewhere, the laity are demanding more power.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.—DORÉ GALLERY, 25, New Bond Street.—EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, OPEN DAILY, at the New Gallery, from Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.

Professor PEPPER has returned from Holland, and will deliver a Lecture on the TENTONSTELLING, or International Exhibition at Amsterdam, on MONDAY, the 27th of September, at Eight. The Lecture will be illustrated by a complete Series of Holographic Pictures of the noble Building and its contents; also of the Costumes and the "Fine Art" of Holland.—The Grand Experiments with the GREAT LIGHTNING INDUCTION COIL, and all the other Entertainments as usual, at the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.

SCIENCE

The Journal of the Ethnological Society of London. (Trübner & Co.)

A new Quarterly devoted solely to science, and that science the one indicated in the name of the above Society, is a circumstance not to be passed by without record. Two numbers have now been published, with just enough in them to deeply interest and not to weary; to stimulate curiosity and not to dull the edge of it. We should add, that this Quarterly is a substitution for the old Annual.

The number of editors need not remind the reader of "too many cooks," because, although there are no less than half-a-dozen of them, they are not of a quality likely to endanger the excellence of the broth. They are Prof. Huxley, Sir John Lubbock, Col. Augustus Lane Fox, Mr. Hyde Clarke, Mr. Busk and Mr. Thomas Wright. These six editorial gentlemen have one very efficient sub-editor in the person of Mr. J. H. Lamprey, and we are probably not wrong in looking upon the last gentleman as really acting editor, resting upon six satisfactory and substantial supports.

Only three of the six editors have as yet appeared as contributors, namely, Sir John Lubbock, Col. Lane Fox and Mr. Hyde Clarke, with the sub-editor, Mr. Lamprey. These, however, are well backed up by such ethnological writers as Sir W. Elliot, Sir W. Denison, Col. M. Taylor, Major Fotherby, Drs. Hooker and A. Campbell, and Messrs. Howarth, Edwards, Campbell, Black, Westropp, Steffens, Acheson and Layland. The subjects are various, though within the ethnological circle; and they include the Report of an Address to the assembled members by Prof. Huxley, who, in his character of President, is therefore a contributor, though he is not so in his other official character of editor. The subjects include papers on Indian Ethnology and the Prehistoric Archaeology of India; on permanence of type in the human race, on the proto-ethnic condition of Asia Minor, on cromlechs, on cave-cannibals in South Africa, on flint instruments in connexion with Britons and Romans; and playful philosophy as illustrated in such subjects as Lion Shillings, Marble Armlets and Chinese Charms. Thus, there is something for every class of reader, provided he has the least inclination towards ethnology. Indeed, if he has not, this 'Journal' will probably create that inclination in him; while those who are accomplished ethnologists will meet their fellows in that useful and seductive science. The two Doctors are by no means the least interesting contributors to the 'Journal.' Dr. Campbell has a paper on "the Lepchas," which is nothing nasty; and Dr. Hooker has an article on a domestic incident which is not at all peculiar to Australia and New Zealand, and which may interest married ladies gene-

rally, but particularly those of the distant and productive localities named above.

As samples of what may be found in these pages, we give the conclusions drawn by Prof. Huxley at the close of his address in reference to Indian Ethnology:—

"The inhabitants of Hindostan are broadly distinguishable into two groups: first, the people of the Dekhan; secondly, the people who inhabit the river plains and northern heights, and have thence overflowed the strips of plain which lie between the Ghats and the sea, and penetrated more or less deeply into the Dekhan itself. The proper population of the Dekhan has no analogue in north-eastern or north-western Asia. They are long-headed, dark-skinned and dark-eyed men, with black wavy hair, devoid of any inclination to wooliness; not unfrequently they exhibit prominent brow ridges. Examples of them are commonly to be seen in the coolies who work their way over to this country in Indian men; and any one who has ever seen an Australian native will be struck with the resemblance between the two. They speak languages known as Dravidian, and where they have been left in their primitive condition are thorough savages. The rest of the population of Hindostan is allied in physical character and language either to the adjacent peoples in the north-west and the north-east, or exhibits evidence of being the result of the intermingling of such people with the Dravidians. Thus, on the north and east, the semi-civilized people assume more or less completely the physiognomy and the linguistic peculiarities of the Mongoloid tribes of Thibet and Ultra-Gangetic Asia. The population of all the rest of Hindostan, on the other hand, exhibits, in physique and in language, obvious signs of the influence of the pale-faced Aryans, who lie to the north-west, and stretch from the waters of the Indus to those of the North Sea, everywhere speaking languages allied to the Sanscrit, which forms the basis of all the dialects of civilized India. In Europe two distinct types of these pale-faced people are to be observed; the one having black eyes and hair and sallow skins, the other, with yellow hair, blue eyes and white ruddy skins. Both these types are traceable to the frontiers of Hindostan, the dark among the Afghans, the fair among the Siabposh, who live in the inaccessible valleys of the Hindoo Koosh. But I do not know that there is any evidence to show that the early Aryan settlers in Hindostan possessed one complexion rather than the other; certainly the dark pale type is that which predominates almost exclusively among the high-caste Hindoos of the present day. All the testimony of history, and all the internal evidence afforded by Sanscrit literature, go to prove that the Aryans were originally the kith and kin of the Persians, and that they invaded Hindostan from the north-west, becoming first possessed of Sind, and then, through long ages of battle with the pre-existing population, making their way across the Saraswati, and ultimately to the lower course of the Ganges. There can be no reasonable doubt that this pre-existing population was in great measure Dravidian, though whether it was already mixed with a Mongoloid element from the north-east or not, does not appear. In part mixing with the conquerors and modifying their physical characters, their language and their religion into endless shades of diversity; while, in part exterminated and in part driven to the shelter of their savage fastnesses among the hills of the Dekhan, the Dravidians remain, like the Celts of Brittany and of Wales, a fragmentary and dispossessed primitive population—the hill tribes of whom we shall hear so much to-night."

One other sample we take from a paper by Col. Lane Fox, 'On some Flint Implements found associated with Roman Remains in Oxfordshire and the Isle of Thanet.' This article is distinguished for its simplicity, lucidity, unpretentiousness and common sense—qualities which are not so often found together as British flint-heads and Roman pottery. We do not suppose that the millions of people who have wandered during their purposeless holiday through the fields between Margate and Rams-

gate ever found anything there, except additional appetite for dinner. Col. Fox, however, shows them many a treasure that may be had for the stooping:—

"The tract of country which I examined in September, 1868, extends from about a mile north of Margate to Broadstairs and Ramsgate, and to a distance of a mile or two inland from those places; the tract of country in question may be seen on reference to sheet No. 3 of the Ordnance Survey. The formation is chalk, and the soil is therefore covered with flint stones. Flinting, consequently, has to be carried on under conditions entirely the opposite of those met with in Oxfordshire. From the time of the Romans up to the present, flints have been used here in the construction of walls, and sharp flakes set into the tops of them here answer the purpose which in other parts of the country is served by fragments of glass. Nevertheless, there is no real difficulty in detecting the ancient from the modern flakes; dark flakes with a dull surface must be rejected as modern, those of ancient date are of a light blue colour on their fractured surfaces. I found three plots of ground within the area above mentioned, upon which the fabrication of flints had been carried on. One near the edge of the cliff between Broadstairs and the North Foreland lighthouse, another about two hundred yards to the west of the lighthouse inland, and a third in a field to the west of the churchyard at St. Peter's. Similar plots of flint debris are found upon the Yorkshire wolds. Between Margate and Kingsgate, although I walked over the ground very carefully, I did not find more than a couple of flakes, nor could I find any trace of the fabrication of flint implements beyond St. Peter's to the south and west. All the flints exhibited to the Society are from the three spots above named."

Col. Fox, after describing the various sorts of flints which Britons once dropped and which he picked up there, adds—

"Besides the above, there were a great many flints of a nondescript character, showing marks of secondary chipping, but which do not admit of being definitively classed. I have little doubt that the majority of the tools used for different purposes were of this sort. When it is considered that the flint breaks off at every stroke when employed in scraping wood or bone, it is very unlikely that the fabricators should have expended much labour on dressing their ordinary tools into symmetrical forms, which must inevitably have been destroyed before the implement had been in use many minutes. No doubt each rough flake was used for the purpose for which it was best adapted, and was employed either in the hand without any handle, or set into sticks, in the manner that is common in savage countries to this day. Amongst these flints of a nondescript character were several that appeared to have had a notch chipped out of them of a semi-circular concave form; these may perhaps have been used to trim the rounded shafts of arrows or other implements of wood that required to have a convex form given to them, but these are liable to be mistaken for the strike-lights of modern times. It is remarkable that I found no arrow-head amongst the flint debris in this country, and all the flints found here on the surface were of a very rough description."

Speaking of animal remains found in a pit which the Colonel had caused to be dug out, near St. Peter's, he says—

"Animal remains were found at various depths, but chiefly near the bottom. All the bones were split and fractured. Mr. William Davies, of the British Museum, has been kind enough to identify them for me. They belong to the following domesticated animals:—Bones and teeth of the goat, *Capra hircus*; the humerus, tibia, metacarpus, lower jaw, portion of pelvis, and eleven teeth of the *Bos longifrons*, all fractured; a fractured right humerus, and part of the shed antler of the red deer, *Cervus elaphus*; portions of the humerus, radius, pelvis, metatarsus, astragalus, tibia, hind foot, and several teeth of the horse, *Equus caballus*; the symphysis, lower jaw, femur and teeth of the pig, *Sus scrofa*; and the skull and lower jaw of a

dog, *Canis familiaris*. It is worthy of notice, and we learn from it, how much information may be derived, in these investigations, from a careful examination of the animal remains by a competent anatomist, that Mr. Davies, in his examination of these bones, observed that they all belonged to one animal of each kind, viz.—one *bos longifrons*, one horse, and one goat, and further, that the bones both of the horse and goat belonged to the right side of the animal, with the exception of only two small bones of the horse belonging to the left side. Now, as these bones were not deposited in the pit in their natural sequence, but were, without exception, fractured and split along as if for marrow, it follows almost as a matter of certainty, that they must be the remains of a feast, in which a considerable number of persons must have taken part, and that the animals were not buried entire, nor were the bones chucked into the pit at different times, which latter is proved by the fact of the bones belonging to one animal of each kind. The shells found in the pit were the following—limpet, *Patella vulgaris*, in considerable numbers; periwinkle, *Littorina littorea*, a few; mussel, a few; snail, *Helix nemoralis*, and *Helix aspersa*, in great abundance, evidently used as an article of food; whelks, *Buccinum undatum*, two or three. Lastly, the whole of the pottery found in the pit was of Roman manufacture: it consisted of small fragments from an inch to two inches in length and breadth, interspersed throughout the pit from top to bottom with the bones and flints in such a manner as to leave no doubt that both the flints and the animal remains must have been deposited at the same time as the pottery. The pottery was all of the kind that was manufactured by the Romans in this country, and chiefly in the Upchurch Marshes, on the banks of the Medway; no fragments of Samian ware were found in the pit."

We think and hope that the above extracts will recommend this Journal even beyond ethnological circles.

SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS AT CATANIA, &c.

Naples, Sept. 4, 1869.

THE International Congress of Naturalists in Catania, to which I have already alluded, held its first meeting on the 23rd of August, and completed its labours on last Saturday, August 28. The preliminary discussions took place in the library of the magnificent ex-monastery of the Benedictines, a palatial building so well known to all travellers. The President, Signor Arredas, after a most effective inaugural speech, read a paper 'On the Geological Formation of Etna.' Baron Walterhausen interested the meeting by a description of Hecla. Signor Stoppani, Professor in the Talucci Institution of Milan, read a paper 'On the Origin of Lava,' in which he maintained that lava was only a composition of aqueous crystals, generated in the interior of the globe by the solution and recombination of silicate, through the agency of water at a high temperature and under strong pressure. The *advice* closed with some remarks, by Prof. Guiscardi, on the theory of Signor Stoppani.

The reception given to the members by the Catanese was of the most flattering description. They were met—I take for granted those of distinction—at the railway in *formâ publicâ*, and lodged and entertained, at the expense of the municipality, in the Great Hotel. On the evening of the 23rd of August another meeting was held in the Royal University, where the Sections were formed, and the discussions were continued till 11 o'clock. In the Section of Botanical Science Prof. Pedicini, of Naples, spoke, as did also Prof. Licopoli, who proposed that the "Flora of Etna" should be written in imitation of that of Vesuvius, so well treated by Prof. Pasquale. On the 24th of August there were excursions in the neighbourhood of Catania, and in the evening there were the usual scientific discussions in the ex-Benedictine monastery. On the same day, distinguished members of the Congress, in twenty-four carriages, provided by the municipality, visited Aci-Castello, Aci-Trezza, Isola de' Cicliopi and Aci-Reale, where the visitors, who were upwards of a hundred, had a princely reception. They were

interrogated by the municipal body as to the causes of the malady which has affected orange and lemon trees. The Section of Botany promised to seriously consider the question. In the evening, at 8 o'clock, the members met in Sections in the University. In the Chemico-Physical Section Signor Zinno urged the reform of the chemical nomenclature of organic bodies, suggesting that the Italians, who had never been "second" in invention, should anticipate the foreigner in this useful enterprise. A commission, composed of eminent Italian chemists, was appointed to accomplish this object, and was requested to prepare the new system at the fifth meeting of the members, in 1870. On Thursday, the 25th of August, the Sections reassembled in the University; and the principal subject of discussion was the geology of Sicily, and especially of Etna. In the Chemical Section Signor Pozzana, of Milan, treated of the Liebig analysis of bread made in that city. The members were invited in the evening to a musical concert at the Villa Bellini. Catania, as you know, was the birthplace of the great master. On Friday, the 26th of August, the Congress met at 7 A.M. (!) in the University, and communications were read by Walterhausen, Sequenza, Gemellaro and Guiscardi. In the Botanical Section was discussed the malady of the orange and lemon trees; in the Chemico-Physical Section Prof. Bombini, of Bologna, explained fully his new theory on the "cristallogenia" of minerals, and of some bodies which, according to him, acting as water of crystallization, produce variations of type in the crystalline forms of minerals. Prof. Zinno and Prof. Silvestri took part in the lively discussion which followed. At 11 o'clock the last general meeting of the Congress was held in the Benedictine monastery. In the evening a grand dinner was given to the members, at which the most distinguished inhabitants of Catania were present. A Correspondent says, "Music, poetry, toasts affectionate and learned, spread general cheerfulness amongst the guests. It was, indeed, an interval of joy, of enthusiasm, of affectionate fraternization. To-morrow there will be an excursion to Mongibello (Etna)."

The proceedings of the Congress will be published in full; but as matters proceed slowly here, I have thought it better to send you this brief notice.

Under the head literary news I have to inform you that a work of great interest will be shortly published under the auspices of Signor Andrea Caravita, the Archivist of Monte Cassino. Assisted by two other Benedictine monks, this gentleman has long devoted himself to the arrangement of the precious MSS. of the Archives of the monastery, to the execution of fac-similes of the beautiful miniatures contained in some, and in forming a complete and detailed catalogue of them, which we hope will be also published. Amongst the various MSS. which Monte Cassino possesses are important ones which refer to the history of Neapolitan legislation and of Salernitan medical science. Amongst the latter Prof. de Renzi collected documents sufficient to illustrate his 'Collectio Salernitana.' A similar advantage Carlo Troja enjoyed in the compilation of his well-known historical works; and should the Catalogue to which we have referred be published, it will be of incalculable use to those who may desire to treat of the subjects on which great light may be thrown by the Codices of Monte Cassino.

One of the results of the attention which is now given in this country to social science is a pamphlet, by Ernesto Palombo, now lying on my table, entitled 'Della Proprietà e degli ordinamenti sociali, &c.' The author endeavours to show that the foundation of the modern rights of property are not found elsewhere than in labour. He rejects with indignation the assertion, "La proprietà c'est le vol" as being contradicted by the history of ancient and modern times. In considering what ought to be the relations between the capitalist or the proprietor of the soil, and the workman or the agricultural labourer, he discusses and compares the half and half system prevailing in Tuscany and Lombardy, with the system practised in the South of Italy, giving the preference to the latter. Signor Palombo has somewhat exaggerated apprehensions of a social revolution in this country, and

advocates a return to the system of protection of industry. With this exception, his pamphlet has much that is good.

I return to a subject already noticed by me in several letters which I have addressed to you—the mode of petrifying bodies discovered by M. Abbate. A few days since the Municipal Giunta of Naples went to inspect the body of the youth which was operated upon seven months ago, and were much surprised and fully satisfied with the success obtained. In a communication from Dr. Abbate he says, “that his invention could be taken advantage of in England as easily as in Naples. All that he would desire is that some lumps of ice should be laid on the body until his arrival, which would follow in four days after a message by telegraph. He is now engaged in applying his system of preservation to meat on a large scale, having already succeeded in pieces of the weight of from two to three kilogrammes.

I am compelled to jump rapidly from one subject to another, and note that two most luminous meteors were here observed on the 14th and 26th August respectively. The latter I myself observed as I was walking about 9 o'clock P.M. on a terrace facing the north, 500 feet above the sea. The ground on which I was looking was suddenly lit up most brilliantly, and lifting my eyes I watched a long line of light from north to south, which continued for perhaps twenty seconds. The journals, of course, never record these facts, but friends at a distance have written to me about one at least.

H. W.

LUNAR CHANGES.

Cynthia Villa, Walthamstow, August 31, 1869.

In your notice of the Report of the Lunar Committee of the British Association read at Exeter you allude to the determination of certain successive extraordinary changes said to rest on the strong indications afforded by the careful study of photograms of the priority and posteriority of well-marked features. As the word *extraordinary* may tend in a great measure to mislead your readers, especially as it is a received opinion by the majority of astronomers that no change is taking place on the surface of the moon, and the changes referred to being of a geological and volcanic character, may I ask for a small share in your columns to place before your readers the true nature of the changes which I have succeeded in determining.

On the south-west of the lunar formation *Hipparchus*, is a mass of high land which has every appearance of having been elevated above the surrounding surface much in the same way as the large bosses of Devon and Cornwall, of which it may be regarded as a lunar analogue. The elevation of this mass is considered as the first recognized change. Crossing this high land in a certain direction is a “fault” coincident with a portion of one of the principal rays from *Tycho* which extends beyond the *Mare Serenitatis*. The evidence of the posteriority of the formation of this “fault” to that of the high land is unmistakable on Rutherford's photogram of the 6th of March, 1865. The third change to which allusion is made in the Report is that of the opening of a crater on the high land just south-west of the “fault” of between 16 and 17 miles in diameter. The evidence of the posteriority of the production of this crater to that of the fault consists of the furrowed sides of the crater cutting through the fault on the north-east. The fourth change is that of the production of several valleys on the east of the high land; the fifth, the production of a line of cliffs of considerable extent, which abruptly terminates the high land on the north-east. The posteriority of the formation of the cliffs is consequently unquestionable. Next came the protrusion of a crater of about 23 miles in diameter, which obliterated in its immediate neighbourhood the furrows upon the east flank of the crater to the west, and choked up the valley to the east. The order of succession of the two craters can, therefore, be as well established as the order of succession of two geological formations on the earth. The last change in this remarkable and interesting lunar region is that of the elevation of a mountain wall on the edge of a neighbouring crater with which it is quite uncon-

formable. These changes are strictly in accordance with what we see on the earth, and have nothing in them of an extraordinary character.

W. R. BIRT.

Among the new arenas of discussion for the coming session may be included the Royal Colonial Society and the Indian Conferences of the Society of Arts, which were experimentally inaugurated this year, and the Sections of Sociology, Comparative Psychology and Comparative Philology of the Ethnological Society. The Iron and Steel Institute is another newly-established institution.

In reference to our note on the late A. Ashpitel's fancy for collecting books on magic, a Correspondent points out one feature of such works that has not been turned to account. Some of the magic alphabets are really Babylonian, and based on the later forms of Cuneiform, which were thus kept in use after the Mussulmans had superseded the old Persian alphabets. Some of the magic alphabets are based on the Hebrew. These are later than the others.

A “Wanderer on the Shores of the Black Sea” writes—“In the *Morning Herald* of December 25, 1868, there appeared a prediction, based on astronomical calculation, of a violent storm which is to occur on the 5th of next month. Has this prophecy attracted any attention from the scientific world?”

There is news for numismatists from India. The Nizam of the Dekkan is said to be preparing a new coinage with his effigy; but this must be a mistake, as he is a Mussulman. It must be his cipher or title. Stamp collectors, now diminishing in number, will also have a novelty, as the Nizam promises postage-stamps.

The introduction of the Cinchona plant into Darjeeling, &c. has added much to the wealth of the hill regions of India. Already the plants have succeeded so well at Darjeeling that they are yielding seed for other parts of the hills of the north-west.

The Hellenic Greeks are changing their tactics in Turkey. Formerly the Greeks of the Fanar were accomplished scholars in Turkish, and were rewarded with the Hospodar Principalities. Since the formation of the Greek kingdom the Greeks in Turkey made a dead set against the Turkish language, and abandoned its culture. The consequence has been the loss of much valuable political patronage surrendered to the Armenians, who are acquiring great power in Turkey, Persia and Egypt. Now, strangely enough, it is the Hellenic Government which is going to open a school for dragomans in Pera, to which Hellenic subjects and foreigners will be admitted. There will be three classes—one for Turkish language, one for Turkish literature, and the third for Turkish law. It has been said often enough that there is no Turkish literature, and no such thing as law in Turkey; but these classes for their special study will bear good practical fruits to the Hellenic students.

The Indian Government gives a hint for our own Telegraph Department. The military stations in India are to be worked by soldiers, adding to the efficiency of the service and effecting a great saving. This could be done at Aldershot, Portsmouth, Plymouth, &c., for military and naval stations providing for the public service.

As a matter of geography, it may be mentioned that Azim ben Ghes, the Sultan of Muskat, has attacked the fortress of Beiramee, on the west frontier of Oman, and which is the eastern station of the Wahabees. The coast of Oman is now becoming orderly, and the seat of considerable trade.

The Cape of Good Hope is menaced with a disaster. The governor, in order to economize on the budget, proposes to gain 4,000*l.* by suppressing the charges for the South African Museum, the Public Library, the Botanic Garden, and the Observatory—all establishments of deserved reputation and great usefulness. They are some of the finest institutions in our colonies.

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
TUESDAY. Horticultural, 3.—General Meeting.

FINE ARTS

HOLBEIN'S PORTRAITS OF SIR BRIAN TUKE.

Sept. 13, 1869.

I am desirous to make some inquiry in your columns in regard to the extant portraits in oil of Sir Brian Tuke by Holbein.

1. In the Pinacothek at Munich there is one in which a skeleton, looking over Tuke's shoulder, points to an hour-glass, the sand of which has nearly run out. On a scroll is the inscription from Job x. 20, —“Nunquid non paucitas dierum meorum finietur brevi?” Signed, Jo. Holpain. The painting is on wood.

2. A second example of this portrait is noticed in the Catalogue, as being in the gallery in your columns in regard to the extant portraits in oil of Sir Brian Tuke by Holbein.

3. One on canvas, answering precisely to this description, in the possession of William M. Tuke, Esq., Saffron Walden, was purchased by him in Yorkshire, in 1843, and traced to a sale by the late Mr. Winstanley. There is no skeleton in this picture.

4. Then there is the fine portrait belonging to the Marquis of Westminster, exhibited at the National Portrait Gallery last year, and described in the *Athenæum* of the 11th of July, 1868, as “an unimpeachable Holbein.”

5. Besides these the late Rev. Nicholas Tuke, of Godington, had in 1864 a fine portrait of Sir Brian, attributed to Holbein, and I suppose his interesting collection of portraits is still preserved at Godington, the seat of the Tokes for many generations. The attitude and dress are the same as in the other portraits, but Sir Brian's name instead of being across the picture is in the left-hand corner. The expression and features are also somewhat different, being more of the Sir Thomas More type.

There are, therefore, five portraits of Sir B. Tuke attributed to Holbein, and I am anxious for information as to their genuineness and to ascertain how it happened that he so frequently reproduced this likeness? In all the portraits the figure, dress, &c., are similar, unless that in the Methuen Gallery (which I have not seen) be an exception. On this point I shall be glad to be informed.

It would be interesting to know to which of these portraits Evelyn refers in his *Diary* (Aug. 27, 1678), when he records visiting “Lord Lisle, son to the Earl of Leicester, who has divers rare pictures, above all that of Sir Brian Tuke, by Holbein” (vol. ii. p. 122).

In Nichols's ‘*Literary Anecdotes*’ it is stated that “Richard Tuke, of the original Kentish stock and tutor to the Duke of Norfolk,” to whom Edward the Fourth granted arms, a fesse dancetté between three lions passant in pale or, was the father of Sir Brian, but in the *Hart. MS.* 1541 he is stated to have been his grandfather. I think I have seen the statement somewhere (*q.v.* Burke's *Armoury*) that the Kentish stock was originally from Nottinghamshire or Yorkshire. Can any of the readers of the *Athenæum*, or the descendants of Sir Brian, throw any light on these points?

Lastly, there seems to be some discrepancy as to the date of Sir Brian's death—Fuller places it in 1536, which, as pointed out in the *Athenæum* of the 11th of July, must be a mistake, since he paid Holbein his annuity and wrote at least one letter in 1538. When did he die? T. H. D.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.

THE Royal Hibernian Academy of Arts, in Dublin, closes its exhibition of pictures to night. Throughout the week the prices of admission have been, during the day, sixpence; in the evenings (by gas-light), one penny!

We have the best authority for stating that neither Westminster nor new Chelsea Bridge has been strengthened. Mr. Page, the eminent engineer and architect of both structures, supposes the report to have been based on an erroneous return made by the Office of Works to Parliament.

The long-desired improvements in lighting the interior of the Houses of Parliament by substituting grisaille for deeply-stained glass in the windows, to which we have often adverted, are, to a certain extent, in progress. It was an error in principle no less than in good taste to employ for this building the vast amount of stained glass which, at an enormous cost, was placed in its windows. When it was determined to decorate the interior of certain important apartments with pictures, the blunder in question became a wrong to the artists, to which, however, of course, they voluntarily submitted in accepting commissions to work in the place. It is just to the architect to add, that he always objected to pictorial decorations on the walls of the Houses. In this he was consistent, and by no means unfair: the fault lay with those inconsiderate amateurs who first desired the use of stained glass, and permitted the architect to proceed magnificently upon one principle—although both he and they knew it was contemplated, from the beginning, to have pictures on the walls,—and, secondly, sought also the advantages of a second principle in decoration, which is incompatible with the former. In fact, it is absurd to have any but monochromatic decorations on walls which are lighted by richly-coloured windows. The result of blundering in combining the two appears to a woeful degree in the Gallery where Mr. Macclise's two grand paintings dignify the walls, and are mocked by splendours of red lions, blue dragons, green boars, and what not, which the sun transmits from opposing panes of gorgeous glass to ramp, crawl and run over the faces of dying Nelson and victorious Wellington. These noble pictures, masterpieces as they are, have been allowed, notwithstanding the complaints and remonstrances of experts, to remain, so to say, as fields of heraldic sports of the most amazing kind. We hope all this is soon to cease, as a minor step has been taken in removing the blazonry from the lights in the Peers' Corridor, and, consequently, improved the display of the pictures on the walls. Mr. Macclise's case is the worst; he is entitled to the earliest relief.

An interesting and very early example of water-colour painting is in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Hart, of Arundel. It represents the ship in which the Court Martial on Admiral Byng was held. Captains, the acting judges, are being rowed from the shore to the vessel, and groups of persons are to be seen on board. The artist's name was Hood. The style, in certain points, resembles that of Vandervelde. The date of the work is 1761, four years after Byng's death. We may add here that Mumford, the man who placed the cushion for the unhappy admiral (who was shot "pour encourager les autres") to kneel upon, was alive as late as 1833, when Mr. E. M. Ward painted his portrait, a full-length, seated. It is a striking representation of a man over ninety years of age, and full of old memories. Among the latter was a fine remembrance of many of the squibs and ballads which the Byng tragedy elicited. There was a proposal to engrave Hood's work in mezzotint. Was this carried into effect?

The four Seasons have been executed in Sicilian marble, life-size, by Mr. Robert Jackson, a pupil of Thomas Milnes, the sculptor. They were to have been accompanied by the Samson and the Lion of the latter, first shown in the Great Exhibition; but the removal of Lord John Manners from office caused a delay in the arrangements. Our readers may remember the Seasons were in the last Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

At the present time there is an increasing employment by London journals of Parisian wood engravings. It will be remembered that London was the great school of wood engraving, and that the French school was greatly promoted by English instruction. One main cause assigned for the change of affairs, and we believe a true one, is the greater facilities enjoyed by the French workmen for acquiring true and liberal instruction in Art. This requires remedy.

An act of the grossest vandalism has been committed in Clonmore Church, near Balinglas, Ireland. In that church the Hon. and Ven. Archdeacon Stopford put up a "monumental window" of

stained glass, in memory of his deceased wife. On the outside it was protected by wirework; within the church it formed a very beautiful object. Last week this work of art and testimony of affection was entirely destroyed. The evil-doers must have been at great trouble to tear away the wirework and to smash this window with stones.

The Countess of Flanders (by birth a princess of Hohenzollern) is engaged in engraving illustrations to Xavier de Maistre's 'Voyage autour de ma Chambre.' Many a princess is artist enough to draw designs, but here is one who revives a noble art by engraving them. Madame de Pompadour did a little in the engraving of gems, but the rest was done by gem-engravers, and the whole passed for her own. The Countess of Flanders would be acknowledged as an engraver of the first rank by Cousins or George Raphael Ward.

The Colossus of Rhodes is superseded by the Commodore of Rails. The biggest statue in the world is about to be inaugurated in the States to their King—that is, their Railway King, Commodore Vanderbilt. Subscriptions to bring this end about reach nearly fourscore thousand pounds; and all the Art critics who have not seen it agree that it is so colossal, magnificent, and so perfect that the world must admire it, and cannot help doing otherwise. It would seem that, while happy shareholders raise colossal statues to commodores, clowns put them up to themselves. "What," says the *Citizen*, "does Fox propose to do with his colossal statue of Fox the Clown? Will he present it to the city authorities as an ornament for the Central Park? It is decidedly more ornamental than the statue of Washington which faces the City Hall."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—There was a gathering at Worcester on Wednesday week which faintly reflected that at Munich ten days earlier. Professors and amateurs met in the "faithful city" expectantly, and queried of each other as to the new thing coming. Unlike the pilgrims to the Bavarian capital, they went not away disappointed. There was no *fiasco* at rehearsal, no rebellious conductor, no irate intendant, no disgusted auditory, and, what is of most consequence, no cacophonous music. The course of the Worcester new thing ran smooth, and the new thing itself was hailed as one good for its own sake, better for the promise of what may follow. Much hung upon its fate. The question to be decided was, not whether absurdity could overleap itself, as at Munich, but whether the most hopeful English composer of our day had stuff enough in him to do a great thing—nay, the greatest. A verdict has been arrived at on the matter—one pretty nearly unanimous, altogether satisfactory; and Mr. Arthur Sullivan, thanks to his 'Prodigal Son,' enters the ranks of those who have achieved.

Let us not be understood to say that 'The Prodigal Son' belongs to the highest efforts of genius, or that it is without blemish. Among accepted things of its kind, the oratorio may have a lowly place; but that it will have a place of some sort is a great matter. For one aspirant who puts his foot across the threshold of Fame's temple, ten thousand fail to reach the outer gate. Mr. Sullivan's latest work gives him a place inside; his own industry and his own gifts must be left to fix his ultimate rank. We have said that 'The Prodigal Son' is not without faults. Some of these can readily be pointed out. We do not blame Mr. Sullivan for making his work didactic, and at every step in the march of it introducing a homily from what has been happily called a "kind of singing city missionary." The didactic oratorio has its uses, one of which is that the form best suits works, like 'The Prodigal Son,' of comparatively small dimensions. Mr. Sullivan was, therefore, right in the manner of dealing with his theme, but not wholly right. He hankered after the dramatic, and, once, yielded to his hankering. We can understand the reluctance with which he ignored the opportunities of the story for dramatic treatment. How, for example, it must have gone to his heart to look over the "elder brother"

and the chance of mingling querulous complainings with the "sound of music and dancing." All this, however, Mr. Sullivan did as one who had fixed his course and was not to be tempted from the way of it. He failed in being equally resolute throughout, for the "riotous living" of the prodigal is produced in his work with every available realistic effect. The result is odd. The story, with its attendant homilies—a grave and sober train—is broken in upon by a rout of Eastern revellers, whose monotonous chant and barbaric accessories belong to—what they richly adorn—the department of pure dramatic writing. This is, unquestionably, an error of judgment, but an error difficult to avoid and easily condoned, because of the revelation it makes. Mr. Sullivan's dramatic solo and chorus, 'Let us eat and drink,' form the most striking number of a work in which they have no business at all. Apart from a treatment of details, as cleverly carried out as ingeniously conceived, the music is full of suggestive melancholy. It truly represents the mirth of those who know that to-morrow they die, and who are not happy in the prospect. Such music, we say again, is welcome even when it intrudes. Through it, we get a glimpse of capacity, otherwise only assumed to exist.

Mr. Sullivan has well chosen the texts which eke out the story, or serve to point its moral. Though passages here and there suggest themselves as better adapted for musical treatment than those used, we cannot fix upon a single inappropriate verse. Bearing in mind what even libretti taken wholly from the Scriptures generally are, this is a feature of special value, not less as regards the composer than the work itself. A good book is strength to a composer, just as a bad one is weakness. Mr. Sullivan rejoiced in strength, and has used it well. His music is of no mean order. It makes no frantic effort after originality, that last refuge of the incapable. Mr. Sullivan is content to follow accepted form, and to speak in the tongue of his predecessors, even at the risk—not always avoided—of reflecting their thoughts. That he has said something to which the world will gladly listen again and again is all the more an honour to him. Nothing is easier than to make the world cry "Lo, there!" by the utterance of gibberish.

We shall not go through Mr. Sullivan's oratorio number by number, preferring rather to stimulate individual curiosity to do that for itself. Certain of its greater excellencies, however, must be pointed out. Mark, first, the purely devotional and severely religious tone of nearly all the music. Save the 'Revel' only, the choruses are fine examples of sacred writing, while some of them, such as 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit,' belong to the highest order. In the next place, the capacity of intense expression proved by the composer is worthy of careful note. Probably few things in music—assuredly none outside the writings of the great masters—are more powerfully suggestive than the *Prodigal's scena*, 'How many hired servants of my Father's.' As sung by Mr. Reeves this, indeed, commends itself as a rare effort. Need it be said, in addition, that Mr. Sullivan's melodies are always real tunes, or that his subjects are treated in scholarly mode? The merit of his orchestration will be taken for granted by all and sundry who know anything about his previous work.

So 'The Prodigal Son' is a success, and English music is the richer for it.

The other doings at the Festival of Worcester were trite, and need not be discoursed of here.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—During the fortnight's recess at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, extensive alterations have been effected. A new and much-needed entrance into the stalls has been obtained, the width of the lobbies has been increased, and the depth of the private boxes augmented—the latter alteration having been effected by means of a curve in the front, which is a decided improvement in the lines of the house. Panels of quilted blue satin form now the front of the boxes; drapery of real velvet replaces the canvas top of the proscenium, and ornamental gilding of a costly and tasteful kind renders the ceiling very bright and

attractive. No orchestra is now visible. In its place is a grotto, through which trickles real water, while from below a "strange invisible" music "hits the sense," and is dispersed like perfume through the house. The manner in which, by means of brackets serving as cressets, light is cast upon the ceiling, is exceedingly good. These improvements, which have long been contemplated by Miss Wilton, have the effect of making the house very dainty and elegant.

On Saturday the performances commenced with a dramatic trifle, by Mr. F. Waller, entitled 'Quite by Accident.' The notion that man is an instrument on which woman plays at will, is the not very original idea on which it is based. Lady Ida Farniente disapproves of the rather unflattering security in which her husband, Sir Harcourt, sleeps. A man whose mind is so perfectly at ease concerning his treasure, can scarcely be fully sensible of its value. She takes, accordingly, the opportunity afforded by the entrance into the house of Fitzbiffin, a stranger, to indulge in a flirtation, which, overheard by Sir Harcourt, thoroughly rouses him from his state of fancied security. Those who play with fire, however, seldom escape a scorching. The results of Lady Ida's experiment are accordingly attended with pain and anxiety to herself. At the close all ends well. Miss Carlotta Addison played Lady Ida with vivacity and taste, Mr. Collette gave a creditable representation of Sir Harcourt, and Mr. H. J. Montague was amusing as Fitzbiffin, a part lighter and more farcical than any in which he has previously appeared. 'Quite by Accident' is void of originality of every kind, but forms a not unamusing *lever du rideau*.

'School' is performed with the cast as before, and with apparently undiminished powers of attraction.

CHARING CROSS.—'Les Mensonges Innocents,' a farce by MM. Clairville and Gastineau, of which, at the time of its appearance at the Gymnase in June last a notice was given in the *Athenæum*, has been translated into English, and now forms the opening piece at the Charing Cross Theatre. A father, wearied with the rebukes his want of veracity receives from his daughter, succeeds in persuading her that a rigid adherence to literal truth is at times inconvenient, and that a "white lie" is not only pardonable but, under circumstances, meritorious. So apt a pupil is the young lady that the house is shortly inundated with "fibs," and its inmates are reduced to a hopeless state of confusion. Confession and penitence by the daughter are followed by the adoption of a higher moral tone by the father. 'Little Fibs,' as the piece is entitled, has a certain amount of bustle and animation. It was respectably acted. 'Room for the Ladies,' a posthumous work of the late Mr. J. P. Waller, followed. This is a rather cumbersome piece, founded upon a proverb that has supplied the basis of comedies and farces innumerable: "C'en est pas la poule à chanter devant le coq." Feminine authority in the house of Mr. Spooner Manley is paramount. Mrs. Manley is Colonel of a regiment of Amazonian riflemen. Her daughters spend their time in smoking, shooting, and other eminently masculine pursuits, while the sons practise wool-work, and the husband is reduced to the position of a household drudge. The advent of a stranger causes a change. His influence is strong enough to provoke a mutiny, and his ingenuity is sufficiently great to prove to the ladies the possible inconveniences that may attend the position they have assumed, and to induce them with scarcely a struggle to resign it. With much compression this farce might be rendered amusing.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

September 13, 1869.

Mr. A. S. Sullivan is mistaken in asserting that the parable of the Prodigal Son has never been set as an Oratorio till he took it in hand. A certain Dr. Arnold—of whom he may never have heard, but who yet was a voluminous composer at the close of last century, and who, among his other works, furnished the theatres with forty-seven operas, many of which became popular, and contain melodies too fresh and sweet to be forgotten—treated the self-same story; and the Oratorio

—to quote from 'The Biography of Musicians' (Sainsbury & Co.), second edition, 1827—"became such a favourite that when, in 1773, it was in contemplation to instal Lord North as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, the stewards, appointed to conduct the musical department of the ceremony, applied to Mr. Arnold for leave to perform 'The Prodigal Son.' His ready compliance with this request procured him the offer of an honorary degree; and his refusal of this did him real honour. He was not insensible to the value of a degree, but determined to earn it in the usual academical way, and, conformably to the statutes of the University, received it in the school-room, where he performed as an exercise Hughes's poem on the Power of Music. On such occasions, it is usual for the Musical Professor of the University to examine the exercise of the candidate; but Dr. William Hayes, then the Professor of Oxford, returned Mr. Arnold his score unopened, saying, "Sir, it is quite unnecessary to scrutinize the exercise of the author of 'The Prodigal Son.'" Dr. Arnold was, in 1783, appointed successor to Dr. Nares as "organist and composer to His Majesty's Chapel at St. James's,"—in 1786, began to publish a uniform edition of Handel's works,—in 1789, was appointed "director and manager of the performances held in the Academy of Ancient Music,"—and died, *ætat.* 63, in 1802.

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

A WORD FOR WAGNER.

58, Great Russell Street, Sept. 15, 1869.

As one of the few London musicians who have earnestly desired to become acquainted with the operas of Richard Wagner, I ask permission, at a time when his enemies are more than usually abusive, to say a few words on the subject.

A Wagner opera must be considered as a drama with musical declamation—a work consisting of music, poetry, scenery and action. Consequently, any attempt to measure it by the same standard of criticism as is applied to purely musical works must fail. The analysis of any detached musical phrase, of any single line of poetry, as a thing for itself, is as much out of place as was the notion of the clergyman who talked of the beauty of "a bar of Beethoven." Thus the usual channels by which an operatic composer becomes known are nearly closed for Wagner. Imagine a 'Tannhäuser' "selection" at a promenade concert (alas! no mere supposition), a *morceau de salon* sur 'Lohengrin,' the 'Rheingold' quadrilles or the 'Fliegender Holländer' ground at the street corners!

My present object is to point out that a clear understanding of a Wagner opera must be obtained from an efficient performance of the same: in default of this, the only possible alternative consists in the intelligent rendering of some entire scene at the pianoforte, the words, of course, being sung. The admission of these two points appears to me most important.

Any one thoroughly conversant with musical forms up to the latest Beethoven period, and aided by some experience, may certainly comprehend a difficult score by Brahms or Hiller without an actual performance or the assistance of a pianoforte; but in the case of Wagner, the mind must distinctly realize and retain a train of musical and poetical thought, which has never before been expressed, which may occupy half an hour in its delivery, and which becomes more clear and definite after being actually heard than can possibly be the case after being merely imagined. Those who remember the first introduction of Beethoven's works will probably admit the truth of this. Imagine an accomplished musician of those days who could read a score of Haydn or Mozart with equal ease at the writing-table or at the piano, but who had as yet no knowledge of Beethoven. Would he be competent to picture to himself that master's "Missa solennis" by merely reading it? Any work not exceeding the already-known artistic boundaries would present no difficulties to him. But the creator of what is absolutely new must be heard in order to be distinctly realized. I repeat, therefore, that for those who have no opportunity of hearing an efficient performance and who wish to arrive at a clear understanding of a Wagner opera, it is necessary

to hear some entire scene played and sung at the pianoforte. Let pianists not possessed of the requisite brain and finger qualifications beware! The almost invariable answer of a musical critic when questioned as to his knowledge of the much-dreaded music is "Oh! I have read it." Let those who have not only read, but played, judge of the value of such "reading," and of the published criticisms which too often result from it.

I must exclude all reference to the earlier opera, 'Rienzi,' from these remarks. I have also assumed that no one will undertake the study of Wagner's works without a thorough comprehension of the poems on which his music is founded.

I have addressed myself solely to those who, having no pre-conceived prejudice, are really desirous of becoming acquainted with a subject which now attracts universal attention: any attempt to change the opinion of professional critics once pledged to uphold certain views, or of those (and their name is legion) who have been embittered by a recent brochure to which it would be too wide a digression here to allude, would assuredly be useless.

Most warmly do I re-echo the sentiment of Mr. Chorley as expressed in last week's *Athenæum*—indeed, what he applies to the rehearsal of the 'Rheingold' I would even extend to the whole Wagner question:—"Never has partisanship been so unblushing and unscrupulous as on this occasion." Amen! Amen! with all my heart.

WALTER BACHE.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

At the moment of going to press we have received the prospectus of the returning Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace. The series is to consist of twenty-six concerts, and to commence on the 2nd of October. An excellent selection of interesting works is announced, including many compositions that will be new even to Mr. Mann's well-read audience. We are promised, for instance, Dr. Sterndale Bennett's Symphony in *c* minor, Spohr's Historical Symphony, a Symphony in *e*, 'The Approach of Spring,' by Herr Hiller, Mr. Arthur Sullivan's 'Prodigal Son,' a selection from Mendelssohn's 'Wedding of Camacho,' besides some seldom-heard symphonies by Haydn and Mozart. The chorus is to be augmented and improved, and the orchestra to be as good as heretofore. Better it could not be.

'Progress,' by Mr. T. W. Robertson, will be played this evening at the Globe. A new comedy, by the same author, is in preparation at the Prince of Wales's.

The opening programme at the Holborn will consist of a new comedy by Mr. Thomas Morton, entitled 'Plain English'; a sketch by Mr. Harry Lemon, 'Wait for an Answer'; and the musical farce of 'The Waterman.'

Mr. Fechter and Miss Carlotta Leclercq at the Margate Theatre may remind very old folks of bright playgo days there, when Miss Duncan (Mrs. Davison) acted high comedy, and the violin in the orchestra was played by the young Frederic M. A. Venua, who was afterwards leader of the ballet music at the King's Theatre, and who survives in well-earned retirement in Devonshire. A century ago the Margate Theatre was a barn in the Dean. Barton, hostler of the Ship at Faversham, was sometimes *lessee*! and in the last quarter of last century the house was over stables behind the Fountain, and the managers were a tailor and a currier! The company used to "parade," that is, exhibit themselves before the play in all their finery, on a platform in front of the building. In 1787 a real theatre was built, and opened under a royal patent with Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer.' From that time the drama at Margate became "genteel"; and the new performers continue a tradition which is now above fourscore years old. It was in this house that Miss Duncan acted, and that the violin was played by Frederic Venua, the future composer of the pretty music for the ballet of 'Flora et Zéphyre,' and other popular pieces.

A version of Sir Walter Scott's 'Old Mortality' has been produced at Sadler's Wells.

On Monday evening a burlesque, entitled 'Linda di Chamouni; or, Not a Formosa,' was produced at the Gaiety Theatre. It is furnished with some pretty music and scenery, but is altogether below criticism.

Mr. Creswick appeared on Saturday evening at the Surrey Theatre in 'Richard the Third.' This performance was repeated on Monday. Richard is one of Mr. Creswick's best parts, and was played on Saturday with much quietude and intelligence. On Tuesday 'The Flower-Girl' was revived.

The Italian Opera Company opened at Dublin on Monday, with the 'Huguenots.'

"At Niblo's Garden," says the (American) *Citizen*, 'Formosa' is in active preparation. The London *Athenæum* objects to the new play on the ground that it is the first attempt to introduce an English 'Traviata' on the English stage. In view of the great popularity of the dramatic and lyric versions of Dumas's celebrated novel in this country, the objection made by the *Athenæum* will not be of much weight with our play-goers. In fact, the accusation of immorality will prove rather a recommendation with certain classes."

The *Citizen and Round Table*, in an essay in praise of the 'Rip van Winkle' of Mr. Jefferson, says that American audiences "laugh at his pathos and sentiment," and are "mute as statues at his drolleries and fine acting." It is rather unsatisfactory to find that the faults of English audiences are thus repeated in America. It almost appears as if taste and perception in matters of Art were altogether wanting to the majority of the Anglo-Saxon race.

English actresses do not always, it appears, find much difficulty in conforming with American customs. We hear from the New York *Figaro* that Miss Elise Holt, late of the Strand Theatre, finding the criticism in the *San Francisco News Letter* unsatisfactory, armed herself with a cowhide and called four times at the office for the purpose of administering a thrashing to Mr. Marriott, the editor. Hitherto, it is gratifying to hear, Mr. Marriott has avoided an encounter.

A new drama, by Mr. John Brougham, entitled 'The Red Light,' is in preparation at the California Theatre, San Francisco.

The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston means to produce Bach's 'Passion Music' (according to St. Matthew) during the coming season. Will not a society do the like here?

The contract is signed by which M. Strakosch binds himself to give Madame Patti 1,000,000 francs for 100 representations in America.

'La Parvenue,' by M. Rivière, the latest novelty at the Théâtre Français, if it cannot be pronounced a failure, is certainly not a success. Almost the only good thing about it is its title, which suggests a study in the manner of Molière or Balzac. The termination is very unpleasant. *La parvenue* is a certain Madame Calendel, a tame copy of Madame Marnette. In early life the man she wished to marry had espoused her friend and companion, Madame de Sarrans. To revenge the wrong thus done her Madame Calendel determines first to use her rival, now a widow, as a means of forcing her way into society and next to wrest from her her lover. For a time, thanks to a series of compromising letters she has obtained, her schemes seem hopeful. But Madame de Sarrans takes the bold step of informing her lover of the hold over her this woman possesses. He undertakes to gain possession of the letters, and obtains them after a scene in which Madame Calendel displays vainly all her powers of seduction. At this moment the *parvenue* hears that her husband has been ruined by her extravagance and speculation. She leaves accordingly his house, avowing her purpose to join the ranks of those whom the modern dramatist raises from infamy to honour. Several well-known dramas are recalled in the progress of the play. One scene alone, at the end of the third and penultimate act, took any hold of the audience. Mdlle. Devoyon, who has recently been successful in the rôles of Phèdre and Camille, played Madame Calendel with spirit. Mdlle. Marie Royer was

lachrymose and commonplace as her rival. Got obtains much credit for his representation of M. Calendel, an engineer.

'Le Salon d'Attente,' by M. Prevel, announced to be in preparation at the Folies Marigny, has been produced. It is a clever dialogue between a Parisian 'élégant' and an American girl, who meet in the *salon d'attente* of a matrimonial agent, and end by dispensing with his services, and arranging a marriage on their own account.—'Le Mari Perdu,' which follows, has a plot rather like that of a portion of 'The Rivals.' A youth, who has fallen in love without regard to parental counsel, runs away from home to avoid marrying a woman his father has chosen for him, and is unaware that his own choice and that of his father have fallen on the same person. The success these pieces obtained was eclipsed by that of 'Le Fils à Ko-kli-ko,' a Chinese "buffoonery" which followed.

M. Auber's new work, 'Rêve d'Amour,' was read at the Opéra Comique last week. The parts are thus distributed:—*Marcel*, Capoul; *Le Chevalier*, Gailhard; *Andoche*, Saint-Foy; *Bertrand*, Prilleux; *Henriette*, Mdlle. Priola; *Marion*, Mdlle. Girard; *Denise*, Mdlle. Reine. While our neighbours are anticipating, we may ask whether that which they have long enjoyed, 'Le Premier Jour de Bonheur,' cannot be brought to us.

M. Edmond About has made an opera libretto out of his 'Le Roi des Montagnes,' the music to which will be written by M. Léo Delibes.

Mdlle. Reboux's *début* at the Grand Opéra in the arduous part of *Valentine* ('Les Huguenots') is spoken of favourably.

At the opening of the Châtelet with 'La Poudre de Perlinpinpin,' the performances lasted until two o'clock. So unwearied are the Parisians, however, in their love of spectacle that at the close scarcely a seat was vacant. As a literary production this piece is beneath criticism. Its scenery is inferior to that we are accustomed to see in England. The ballets and the dresses are, however, very splendid.

When Offenbach is withdrawn from the Variétés the spell of good fortune at the theatre is generally broken. The new comedy, 'Les Grues,' by M. Michel Delaporte fils, is a weak and unsatisfactory piece, destined apparently to be speedily removed, and furnish opportunities for yet another revival of 'Barbe Bleue' or the 'Grande Duchesse.' 'Les Grues' is the name bestowed in Parisian *argot* upon young ladies for whom husbands are not readily found. The play represents the manner in which the affections of a "grue," who is rich and accordingly not likely long to be so classified, are won by a middle-aged viscount. Two acts out of the four into which this comedy is divided were received with moderate favour, but the later acts provoked a storm of opposition.

The Odéon has re-opened with a performance of 'Horace,' 'Les Plaideurs' and 'Le Dépit Amoureux.' In spite of the authority of the names of Racine, Corneille and Molière, ten acts of Alexandrines have provoked a feeble outcry from the critics. Mdlle. Clotilde Colas made a successful *début* in the 'Dépit Amoureux.' 'Cinna,' 'Le Mariage Forcé' and 'Sganarelle' have since been given.

Mdlle. Berthe, an actress who brings from Russia a certain measure of reputation, is about to appear at the Palais Royal in the 'Vie Parisienne.' Brasseur and Gil Peres have returned and played in 'Le Brésilien.'

Two dramatic trifles have been produced at the Petite Bouffes Saint-Antoine Theatre.—'Au Saut du Lit' is a one-act comedy by MM. Hermil and Aubert, and 'Comment on s'amuse à Paris,' a four-act vaudeville by M. Hernil alone.

The receipts of the Paris Théâtres Impériaux during August amounted to 263,397 francs; those of the Théâtres Secondaires to 548,038 francs.

The death is announced of Charles Maurice, the *doyen* of the Parisian press. He was thirty years editor of the *Courrier des Théâtres*. Some years ago he published his recollections with the title, 'Histoire Anecdotique du Théâtre et de la

Littérature.' M. Maurice was in his eighty-eighth year.

After witnessing Mdlle. Nilsson play *Mignon* at Baden, Madame Pauline Lucca wrote the following:—"Chère Mdlle. Nilsson,—J'ai été ravie de vous, hier soir. Il n'est pas possible d'être plus dramatique, de mieux chanter. Vous avez été sublime, et je me réjouis énormément de pouvoir vous le dire. PAULINE LUCCA."—Such a letter is as honourable to the writer as it must have been grateful to the recipient.

Félicien David's 'Christophe Colomb' was produced at Baden on Saturday last, with Madame Monbelli, MM. Faure and Genevois as principals.

The Théâtre de la Monnaie, of Brussels, has opened with 'Les Mousquetaires de la Reine,' 'Le Juif Polonais' of MM. Erckmann-Chatrin is in rehearsal at the Théâtre du Parc, in the same city.

M. Offenbach is about to start for Madrid, where he will direct the performance of a selection from his works, and possibly rout his rival, Barbieri. At present the Madrilènes are applauding 'Robinson Crusoe,' as set to music by the latter.

Salvini, the Italian tragedian, has retired into private life.

'Lohengrin' is in rehearsal at Bologna, and promised at La Scala, Milan.

We hear that the Abbé Liszt has three works in hand—an oratorio, 'St. Stanislas'; a second oratorio, 'Le Baptême du Feu et de l'Eau'; and a Cantata, to be performed next year at Weimar, on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of Beethoven's birth. Meanwhile, 'Ste. Elisabeth' seems to be forgotten. The Abbé is denied the satisfaction of working even for an immediate future.

The Vienna opera-house re-opened with the 'Zauberflöte,' upon the *mise en-scène* of which 27,000 florins were expended. The effect is said to be unequalled.

It is stated that the marriage of Mdlle. Mallinger will not affect her Berlin engagement. She reserved her right to wed; but must, for another year, be known in public by her maiden name and style.

The Altona police have ordered that no female singer under twenty-one shall appear on the stage. It has been suggested that a decree prohibiting their appearance above forty would work far more usefully.

Le Ménestrel says that the "orchestre féminin" under the direction of M. Wienlich, began the tour of Europe at Munich with success. M. Wienlich spoils the demonstration. Could not Miss Becker find a lady able to take his place?

MISCELLANEA

Christian Dates on Jewish Tombs.—In the *Athenæum* of the 4th of September, a Correspondent, "H. A.," in criticizing a statement upon Jewish tombstones, was himself incorrect. He asserts that "it has always been prohibited to place on Jewish tombstones any date other than that recognized by Judaism." Now, it is a fact that only a section of the Jews (those who follow the German ritual, and not even all of them) have adopted the custom of using the Jewish date alone in their burial places and on their religious monuments. The Sephardim (Spanish and Portuguese Jews), and generally the Jews of the South, use both dates, or either of them, indifferently. As an instance, I can refer to the cemeteries of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews of London at Mile End, opened since the middle of the seventeenth century, in which every grave-stone bears the two dates. I refer you also to their ancient Synagogue in Bevis Marks, upon the entrance of which is engraved the date of its completion, 1701. M.

The Rivalry of Gentlemen.—In reference to Mr. Joyce's excellent book on 'Irish Names of Places,' reviewed in the *Athenæum* of the 21st of August, I beg to state that, knowing nothing of Mr. Joyce's undertaking, I engaged some time ago in researches similar to his, and published a paper on the subject (treating of the

Irish Provinces and Counties) in *Fraser's Magazine* for last June. A second paper was ready, but meanwhile appeared Mr. Joyce's work, which is so much fuller and in many other ways so superior to mine, that my only regret is, that I was not sooner aware that he had undertaken it. I merely ventured because no one else seemed willing to do so, and Mr. Joyce has thoroughly and satisfactorily "cut me out."
W. ALLINGHAM.

Weights and Measures.—In your issue of the 28th ult., you state that a paper was read at a meeting of the British Association, Section F, Economic Science and Statistics, which took place on Friday, the 27th of August, 'On Weights and Measures,' by Mr. W. H. U. Sankey. The paper 'On Weights and Measures,' which had for its object to prevent the hasty adoption of the French metro and the decimal system in this country, was written by me, W. H. V. Sankey. In it I proposed to have the English foot infinitesimally altered, so as to make it a true sub-multiple of the earth's major axis, which Sir John Herschel shows it differs from but very slightly; and I also proposed the introduction of an *octomal* notation, which would have all the advantages of the decimal system without many of its drawbacks. "Use is second nature," and, as we must make a change, one could be as easily acquired as the other.

WILLIAM HENRY VILLIERS SANKEY.

Scorpions.—Your Correspondent referred to in the *Athenæum* of the 11th instant says he never saw a scorpion alive, although "he sometimes sat down in places where there was a scorpion under every stone." Most people are more curious, I for one. Every one is not aware that scorpions are to be found in France—not the full grown fellows as large as craw-fish, but the little white scorpion, which is quite dangerous enough for my taste. In the early part of May last year, being at Cette, I mounted the famous hill which dominates the town to get a good view of the beautiful Mediterranean. Two companions were with me, both natives of or residents in Cette, and one a medical man; and I was asked if ever I had seen a live scorpion, to which I replied in the negative. The top of the hill was covered with stones, and after turning over about a dozen with our sticks the game was unearthed; there lay a scorpion, looking much like a flattened prawn, but with the characteristic upturned, vicious-looking tail. One of my companions had with him a dog that did not at all like the appearance of the scorpion, and would have attacked it but his master held him back. Many accidents happen at Cette through these scorpions. Their sting is not generally fatal to a grown man or woman, but children and large powerful dogs if bitten have succumbed in an hour or two. Cette, too, is famous for mosquitoes; in fact, it is altogether a most interesting place. G. W. Y.

Thunderbolts.—In a recent number of the *Athenæum* mention was made of certain ancient stone weapons found in Greece, and there called "thunderbolts" by the natives, and which are made of jade-stone or nephrite. It is not a little singular that similar stones are found on this and the neighbouring islands, and are also called by the common people "thunderbolts." I have one which was found about three years ago in the interior of this island: it is of a dark green colour, with veins, and answers to the description of jade or axe-stone as given in Ure's 'Dictionary of Chemistry.' It is polished and flattened, pointed at one end, and it has a broad cutting edge at the other end. It is three-and-a-half inches long by one and a quarter broad, and three-quarters of an inch thick. As no stone that contains limestone is found in any of the Bahama islands, perhaps some of your readers may know whether such stones are found in any other of the West India Islands or on the northern continent of America. I will add, in conclusion, that the common people believe that the possession of one of these stones is a sure preservation from lightning.

JOHN S. GEORGE.

Nassau, N.P., Bahamas.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—H. C. B.—C. K.—H. L. M.—R. M.—received.

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